FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

hibernia

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"THESE OPERATIONS ARE A NECESSARY PRELUDE TO THE RESTORATION OF GREATER HARMONY BETWEEN THE COMMUNITIES IN NORTHERN IRELAND"

Letters to the Editor

Maoism and Existentialism

Sir,—The article on the Irish Maoists in the recent issue of *Hibernia* was in the main factually accurate, but as an ex-Maoist I feel it is necessary to clarify certain aspects of their political philosophy which will better explain their nature and their activities.

It is correctly stated that the internationalists were existentialist at their inception—what was ot emphasised enough was that their later "Marxist" phase was nothing more than an *extension* of this existentialism. The document — "Necessity for Change"—still claimed as the basis of the movement clearly demonstrates this.

The premises from which the internationalists begin are subjective; this document attempts to analyse the mental experience of the middle class in bourgeois society. The individual petit-bourgeoise soul, in their reckoning, is "culturally oppressed"—i.e., oppressed by the enslaving way of life of capitalist society. He is plunged into anguish and despair at the seeming meaninglessness of his existence in conforming with the norms of society. To free himself he must confront this existence and consciously transform himself into a revolutionary. In true idealist fashion —*consciousness* is described as liberating. What is necessary to lend coherence to his life—is some form of *commitment* —thus a distorted version of Marxism was grafted on to the existentialism in order to provide meaning in the lives of these upper-class Trinity students. It was obvious listening to members of the original internationalists that they regarded their "conversion" to "Marxism-Lenism" as a *moral* process which liberated them from the degeneracy of their upper middle-class lives.

The point about such an approach is that it has nothing in common with Marxism. As opposed to the cartesian system which proceeds from the individual ecgito, the starting point of Marxist philosophy is radically different. The premises from which Marx begins are the empirically observable facts of man's material social existence—the struggle for production and the various class conflicts which differing economic systems engender. These exist independent of consciousness. Thus it follows also—that the internationalists have little in common with Mao Tsetung, who *is* a Marxist. Any revolutionary movement, to be successful, needs materialist analysis of actual political and economic affairs. Revolutionary movements do not proceed from the mental conflicts of anguished petit-bourgeois minds, however enthusiastic they may be! No such Marxist analysis were attempted by the internationalists —instead, they created a *sub-culture*, in which they isolated themselves from reality-generated artificial revolutionary subjectivism—and indulged in frenzied activity—and all to provide middle-class students with meaning for their lives!

Viewed in this context — the activities of the internationalist and their apparent lunacy become comprehensible — being idealists — they could never come to terms with material reality, but lived in their own world of phantasy. Needless to remark, the working class has no use for such an organisation.—Yours, etc.,

FINTAN CRONIN,
Ballymun,
Dublin 11.

The Maoist Split

Sir, — Maurice Sweeney's comments on the issues behind the recent split in the Internationalists require some elaboration. It is stated that "the general body of membership were dissatisfied with the way in which the leadership had handled the Dolphin affair." This was so, not because of the insistence on the refusal of legal aid, but because the affair was elevated by the leadership to the point where it took precedence over the general issues affecting the people at large. The "defence of the right to disseminate Mao Tsetung thought" was declared to be the primary form of struggle in Ireland today, and the people were called on to follow the example set by the comrade in Dundrum.

This subjective approach found full expression in a Red Patriot front page article which said that "the principle struggle to be waged in the working class is against trade unionism." The dissatisfaction turned into rebellion.

Disregard of objective processes occurring in Ireland was also manifested in other ways which contributed to the split. Firstly, there was the insistence in the face of the facts that the Irish countryside is inhabited, not by a capitalist farming class, but by a feudal peasantry. Secondly, the analysis of the Irish Communist Organisation that the Ulster Protestant community forms a distinct nation had begun to circulate among the members. Although nobody had clearly formed their ideas on this question, they rejected the leadership's denunciation of the "two nations" theory as a "Fascist theory" concocted by agents of British Imperialism.

Finally, a comparison of the Irish Communist Organisation with the Internationalists in terms such as "doctrinaire . . . but much less rigid" does not do justice to the former, which in its seven years of existence has produced over fifty pamphlets analysing national and international questions from a Marxist standpoint. The difference here is that between a group of serious materialists and a group of subjective existentialists who are relying on "revolution" to solve their personal hang-ups. — Yours, etc.,

LINDA JONES,
Dublin 3.

Apologies

Sir,—I have just seen today, in your issue of July 15th, Una O'Higgins O'Malley's correction of my unpardonable mistake about the "childlessness" of Kevin O'Higgins. I wish to apologise to her and all her family.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN JORDAN,

The 'Realpolitik' of The North

Sir,—Even after three years of disorder, riot and tumult and the divil-know's-what-else, general thinking in the Republic on the Northern Ireland situation is as woolly and ill-informed as ever. *Hibernia's* editorial pontifications and slanted reportage do little to alter this state of affairs.

It is assumed in the South that (1) the political unification of both parts of Ireland is desirable; (2) that it is possible; (3) that its achievement is frustrated because the British Government " . . . has a greater interest in maintaining the present position in the North than in forging a new one with a united Ireland," (*Hibernia* — latest issue), and (4) because one million obdurate and selfish Protestants in Ulster want to hold on to the status quo for the purpose of doing down their Catholic neighbours.

As in all contentious matters, there is some substratum of truth in each of these claims. But all of them are far wide of the mark in terms of *realpolitik*.

The last thing Britain wants is continued involvement in Irish politics in any shape or form. Her sole concern with the matter is to influence, as far as is possible, the continuation of stable Government in Ireland. Her vested interest in the Republic, her third largest trade customer in the whole world, is greater than in her own interest in Northern Ireland, which is burdensome beyond endurance.

But Britain does not rat on her friends. Britain does not forget that the use of Northern Ireland military and naval bases saved her in World War II when these were denied to her by Eire whose neutrality was made possible only because of Britain's stand.

Britain has extended to The Republic, a foreign country, favours and graces not enjoyed by any other country, not even Commonwealth countries. Irish people enjoy the same rights of entry to and opportunity in Britain as do Britons themselves. Irish citizens have full voting rights in Britain, but there is no reciprocal measures in The Republic. Were it not for the fact that one million plus Irish folk had found homes, opportunity and work in Britain since 1940, there would have been bloody revolution in The Republic long since.

The first essential for the pacification of Northern Ireland is for the Republic to withdraw, unequivocally, its territorial claim to the North, a claim which it knows to be fictitious and incapable of fulfilment and which only inspires the Northern minority with a false sense of aspiration which can never be fulfilled. But which drives them on to the practice of dangerous excesses.

The next essential is for the suppression, by whatever terrorists who are tearing the North asunder. These people are not representative of any more than a tiny minority in the North. The majority—and I would put the figure at over 80 per cent. — want to leave well alone, realising that time and combined effort will further their mutuality of interest in making all Ireland peaceful and prosperous.

Northern Ireland offers to all its citizens the promise of equality, justice and the means of a reasonable subsistence—at the very worst. It was offering far more than this when the gangsters took over from the Civil Righters in January, 1970. The legislative changes which have taken place here in two years go far beyond anything which has been attempted in any British territory, within such a short space, at any time. Ombudsmen are literally tripping each other up as they scurry about endeavouring to right wrongs (many of them imagined and subjective).

Northern Ireland is as much a part of the United Kingdom as is Wales or Scotland. Thus it will remain. One million Ulster Protestants will see to that. And, given the withdrawal of The Republic's impudent, unrealistic and unwarrantable interference and mischief-making, so will the majority of Ulster Catholics.—Yours, etc.,

STEPHEN PRESTON.
Banford House,
Gilford, Co. Down.

GOING, GOING, GONE

Bernard Shane

BY THE TIME you read this I shall be . . . but who the hell cares nowadays where anyone has gone, or where they have come from? "I'd like you to meet Mr. Vladimir Shrdlu," says your beaming host: "he's just flown in from Bangkok/Brazil/The Bahamas/Bray."

You nod politely, knowing that if you ask Mr. S. what kind of a journey he had he will only tell you about how the jumbo ran out of his favourite breakfast cereal. It's still five o'clock yesterday morning for him anyway, and you find yourself talking to him as if he was a kid who had nipped downstairs in his pyjamas to gatecrash a grownup party. "And what was the weather like when you left?" "It was 98 degrees," he announces grimly, so that you don't know whether he's complaining whether it was too hot there or too cold here, or, for one cliff-hanging moment, whether he's talking in farenheit or celsius.

And as soon as you can you filter away and go and symphatise with some bird who looks as if she hadn't been further than the bedroom and back for the past three years.

I once, in my innocence, wrote a travel book (advt.). It was in the days when, if you said casually that you were off to Australia next week, people looked at you as if they expected (or hoped) never to see you again. Now if you were lucky you might raise an absent-minded eyebrow, because everybody has been everywhere and even those who go nowhere are sick to death of seeing television pictures of people climbing into aeroplanes, getting out of motor cars and, *a posteriori*, getting into them. Shut your eyes and you can see the whole face of the globe criss-crossed with mini-treks, safaris, luxury cruises, adventure tours, explorer tours, gastronomic tours, Cooks tours . . . no wonder travel writing is all washed up, unless you can do your own thing where somebody never thought of doing it before. "Twelve months as a Foot Fetishist in Farranfore" might have some potential, but you'll probably find that the place is full of them, in spite of metrification. There's a man just going off to live for a year with the Eskimos in northern Greenland or somewhere. He's hoping for a free ticket to the annual polar bear hunts, though he admits that Westernisation is creeping in here, too. To every ig its transistor as well as its loo. Yet we still keep on going —though few of us, except in desperate situations like this — keep on trying to write about it.

Half the fun, of course, is coming back: though you lose several faces by admitting that what you really want, as you gulp down your Hertzegovenian Rough Red and marinated entrails, is a pint. Some innocent souls will rush unaffectedly towards the chip shops and tea-bread-butter emporia on the Costa Brava, but we old China hands have our Conradian pride. At the back of our minds there is the lingering hope that, well, there may be a book or at least a little article in it, that if we linger long enough counting the flies as they fall into our curdled goatsmilk soup, another Hemingway or Manolete or Liberace will stride in through the plastic imitation bead curtain . . . But it will only be old Seamus O'Shrdlu and the fifteen kids, who will immeditely ruin everything by saying: "Jasus, I'd give anything for a pint . . .".

Still and all, by the time you read this, I shall be absorbing the uniquely typical atmosphere of one of the last redoubts of the untainted national culture in Europe. It is an unassuming little spot, known only to the discerning few and isolated in its naive withdrawal from the contaminating currents of the acquisitive angst which flow steadily past its modest bistros and cautiously non-committal architectural idiom. To the camera-laden disrupter of traditional archetypical patterns, it will come as a disappointment, since it is careful to offer none of those inducements which have spelt the ruin of many a more robustly individualistic community. "Night life" here is not a matter of fake champagne and flaunted bosoms, but is based on a sober respect for what might be termed the wine of the country and its concomitant . . .

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AFTER INTERNMENT

THE DECISION TO IMPOSE a selective internment-without-trial in Northern Ireland on August 9th, 1971, was the greatest blunder perpetrated by any British Government since the Suez invasion of 1956—and its ultimate effects may be even more far-reaching than that fiasco. In human terms the direct result of that grave error of judgment has already been counted in terms of horror, death and destruction. The political implications are only beginning to be understood.

The first of these concerns the British Prime Minister, and it as well to recall his fateful meeting with Mr. Faulkner on Thursday, 5th August—at which the internment decision was taken. At that meeting the Northern Premier advised him that he could not guarantee the continuity of his own administration if the Apprentice Boys Parade scheduled for August 12th in Derry was to be banned. In other words, the ultras in and out of his Cabinet might not be containable; the right wing backlash might at last get out of hand. To any British Prime Minister whose greatest determination was the establishment of real democracy in Northern Ireland, the decisions facing him were surely clear. He must ban the parade, confront the backlash and if all came to all, be prepared to assume full control from Westminster. By accepting the Faulkner compromise package, however, Ted Heath demonstrated to the minority as well as to the Unionists, and of course to the Army, precisely where his sympathies lay. He took the easier way out of a sticky situation, but he may yet live to regret it.

The effects of his decision in Ireland are manifold and are discussed below, but one result in England may yet be most significant, viz—the upsetting of the cosy bi-partisan approach in Westminster to "The Irish Question". As the enormity of the Heath blunder becomes apparent, the opposition is beginning to realise not only that the Heath line is now insupportable, but that politically he has left himself wide open to attack. By agreeing to a selective internment, he has repudiated the Labour administration's Downing Street Declaration which guaranteed "the equality of treatment for all people in Northern Ireland without regard to political views or religion". He has thus let Labour off the bi-partisan hook and he must face rougher sailing in Westminster from this out. But he has also demonstrated both his own fallibility and his deep misunderstanding of the true position in Northern Ireland.

The second major political result of the internment decision concerns Jack Lynch. Before August 9th, Jack Lynch was the best Taoiseach that Britain will have in Ireland for many a long day to come. During two years of escalating violence he had stuck to a line of non-intervention in the North, and had managed to outsmart those activists around him that had threatened to involve him in a direct contribution to the conflict. Perhaps the best explanation of his attitude was contained in his Eve of Twelfth address to the nation in July, 1970, when he said: "We must not now or ever in the future show anything to each other except tolerance, forebearance—and neighbourly love".

There is no reason to believe that Jack Lynch, despite the internment and despite its brutal implementation, wished to depart from his philosophy of tolerance, forbearance and love. That philosophy probably reflects his genuine convictions. More importantly, it has served him well, politically, during the past two, very difficult years. The evidence is rather that the combination of Heath/Maudling stupidity on the one hand, and the mounting temper of his own backwoodsmen on the other, forced him off his well-tried, middle-of-the-road pitch. He had put his trust in the Downing Street Declaration. He had promised to be the second guarantor. When the one-sided internment exposed the vacuity of both pledges, he had no alternative but to shift his ground.

Jack Lynch has now crossed the Rubicon. He has pledged his support for a policy of passive resistance designed to bring down the Stormont regime. He is willing to participate in "political action" aimed at "bringing to an end" the elected administration North of the border. Where exactly this policy will lead his administration—and the country — is of course difficult to foresee. Passive resistance leads to confrontation which inevitably leads to violence. Where will Jack Lynch stand then? He is launched now, however cautiously, on an adventure in uncharted areas, and at a time when emotion is running high. But is he the skipper for such a perilous voyage or will the strong men in the crew take over when the going gets really rough?

Senator John Kelly, in the course of his oration at the annual Béal na mBláth commemoration last Sunday, outlined an alternative attitude in this crisis: one that must be felt, and sincerely felt, by many people South of the border:—"although our feelings over these events (internment, etc.) are strong, and it is hard to keep one's balance and do justice to all sides, we have a graver duty than ever to do and say nothing that will drive Irishmen even further apart, while producing no concrete benefit for the suffering minority. In particular let us not needlessly insult and exasperate the silent Ulster majority, most of them ordinary people, not by nature extremist, who must be equally agonised by the daily horrors of life in their corner of Ireland, and who do not feel they are to blame for it."

But is this argument really supportable? The "silent majority" in the North may not be directly culpable for the perversion of the instruments of power in their society, but they must share in the responsibility. They have supported and perpetuated a political structure which, consistently over 50 years, has been discriminatory, sectarian and repressive. If the price of "not needlessly insulting and exasperating this silent majority" is to tolerate the discrimination which the system inevitably fosters —then that price is too high. Rather is it 'the graver duty' on those who cherish personal freedom to challenge such discrimination—whatever the cost may be.

In the North, Heath is now faced with the worst of all possible worlds. He has completed the total alienation of the Catholic minority. If he has depleted the I.R.A.'s numerical strength and limited its ease of manoeuvrability, he has also added enormously to its popular support both North and South of the border. Ironically he has forged an alliance on Faulkner's right, the members of which can boast considerable experience in the art of toppling Prime Ministers. And tragically he has distorted beyond repair the only meaningful role that any army can hope to play in such a situation. In short, his one sided internment-cum-interrogaton has produced precisely those mal effects which were foretold by sane observers without supplying a single compensating factor of any real worth.

The Northern tragedy has been born out of violence, suckled on fear and fostered on ignorance and insecurity. It contains a momentum of its own that is affected only marginally by the antics and posturings of politicians from three capitals. And the roots of the problem go back more than 50 years, more than 171 years, more than the 330 years which have elapsed since the massacre of protestant planters in the rebellion of 1641.

The political structure that has contained this cup of bitterness since 1920 is now tottering and will soon collapse. No new structure can guarantee peace in the short term. The memories, the hate and the tradition of violence will live on. The best that statesmen can hope to do is to lay some foundations for the future; a groundwork that is based on equality—and genuine equality— for all citizens. The discriminate nature of the internment decision showed that even that first step is still a long way off and that the political masters are still unwilling to read the writing on the wall. One piece of writing on a wall in the Ardoyne area of Belfast last week read "Is there a life before death?" It is a reflection of the despair that exists, at this moment, in the second city of Ireland.

The North 1

Jack Lynch's Cautious Involvement

HOW FAR HAVE the events of the past two weeks pushed Jack Lynch off his chosen and tried position—plonk in the middle of the road? Has he finally succumbed to the pressures within his party for a tougher line on the North—or is he still standing by—but clothed in a different suit of armour?

The initial Lynch reaction to the internment swoop (of which he had no prior advice) was exactly the same as after the Bogside errruption two years earlier — send Paddy Hillery to London and thereby gain some time to take the pulse of the party. This tactic, together with the impressive information that the Cabinet was in almost continuous session, in fact allowed the Taoiseach four full days before his press conference on Thursday, August 12th. By that time he knew that the internment had been one-sided: the death toll in Belfast stood at 23; refugees were streaming over the Border, and the first reports of the brutality to internees were coming through. Importantly, Dr. Hillery had come back from London with his tail between his legs, and in the sure knowledge that the vaunted Downing Street Declaration of October 1969 was not worth the paper it was written on.

Considering the circumstances, his statement of the 12th was mild enough, and if the Heath administration had read the signs from Belfast accurately, it would have been well advised to engage in some dialogue that would have served to keep the pressure off the Taoiseach's back. Heath being the man he is, however, the Lynch statement was simply ignored.

A full week then passed before the Taoiseach's next show of action — an open telegram sent to the British premier at the *conclusion* of the latter's talks with Brian Faulkner in Chequers. The immediate event which seemed to spur the Taoiseach to action on this occasion was the arrest in Derry on the previous day of John Hume and Ivan Cooper—both of whom had been participating in a civil disobedience rally. But building up to this, of course, had been the fuller revelation of the horror in Belfast, the murmurings from the action men in his own party, the Haughey call for U.N. troops and not insignificantly — the desertions to the Boland faction of eight Fianna Failers from the Taoiseach's home ground. It all added up to pressure for a greater show of strength.

The significance of the telegram is not so much that Jack Lynch had pledged himself to action (because the extent of that action is being diluted by the hour) but rather that he has finally taken sides. Even after Bogside '69 he was able to ennunciate in Tralee that "persistence in winning the respect and confidence of those now opposed to unity must be sustained by goodwill, patience, understanding, and at times, forebearance." Those fine sentiments have now given way to a "determination to ensure that the mis-government to which the North has been subjected for so long must end" and the support for a policy of passive resistance to the Stormont Government.

The outcome of the much publicised meeting of August 23rd in Government Buildings, which included 15 Stormont opposition M.P.s and senators and senior members of the cabinet (with the notable exception of Erskine Childers) shows that the Taoiseach hopes to move cautiously. He will not give financial support. Nor will he provide active leadership. Rather does he propose to confine the Southern participation to moral support and diplomatic activity.

For the moment even these crumbs seem to have satisfied the elected minority representatives, and even more important, they seem to have satisfied opinion in the country that the Taoiseach is "doing something" about the situation. But events in the North have a habit of dictating the pace and forcing the reaction of those who become even marginally involved. How detached from the real action can the Taoiseach remain when the civil disobedience campaign starts to escalate? It may not be the intention of the organisers of the campaign to provoke violence, but there is no doubt whatever that the campaign will head in that direction. The precedent is there in the Civil Rights Association experience, even in the relative calm of 1968. Where will the Taoiseach stand when the campaign to which he has pledged his support is confronted, resisted and suppressed?

The real importance of Lynch's reaction is the decision in principle to become involved. That decision is an important breakaway from his position of the past two years. The type and extent of his involvement may still appear tenuous and extremely cautious—and this no doubt is exactly how he would wish it to remain. But the first step having been taken, it will be difficult to resist the pull (and push) towards a deeper participation. For Jack Lynch this is a new departure into a very troubled area. As usual, he does not have to worry about Fine Gael or Labour harrassment as he proceeds (once again, they find his policy the acceptable one!). But the danger from snipers on his own back benches increases as he moves closer to their chosen ground.

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The End of Bi-Partnership

SO THE BIPARTISAN POLICY understanding between Labour and the Tories has finally broken down, now that Harold Wilson's demand for the recall of Parliament has been rejected out of hand by Ted Heath.

It arose when Jim Callaghan was dealing with Stormont. Once he had made it clear to Stormont and to the Tory opposition at home that he was by no means "soft on the border" he was given Conservative blessing. Callaghan's policy of backing agreed reforms with a stern dose of law-and-order fitted well (as Callaghan's ideas often seem to) with Tory philosophy, but that was not the point. The bipartisan policy meant that the party leaders agreed that Ireland was an administrator's problem, and that the broader political questions should not be raised.

The bipartisan policy had two main effects. One was that it gave Callaghan the feeling—and the appearance—of being the only person in the Labour Party to really understand Ireland. The other was that when the underlying political issues became so obvious that they could not be ignored even at Westminster, Labour was slow off the mark to challenge the Tories politically.

Two very small footnotes to history will illustrate the point. It was Callaghan who first raised the question of recalling Parliament; when the Labour Party chiefs met, he alone urged the recall. Some of his colleagues genuinely felt, three weeks ago, that there was nothing they could say in debate which would not inflame the situation or make themselves look foolish. And some suspected that Callaghan wanted a platform to point again to his own record as Home Secretary. Wilson played it safe by his party, by asking for 100 signatures. When the Lynch reaction to internment was weighed, it was clear that the gloves were off.

Anyone in doubt about how Labour Party policy is made should have been a fly on the wall of the Members' Lobby during the Commons debate earlier this month. Michael Stewart had just made his very well-received speech suggesting that a solution could only be found in the context of a united Ireland. A Labour backbencher bumped into Wilson in the lobby. "Splendid speech by Stewart." "Oh, did you think so," Wilson replied, adding as an afterthought, "Of course, he checked it through with me first." By chance the same backbencher met Stewart a few minutes later, congratulated him, and said, "I gather Wilson approved it first." "Good gracious, no," said Stewart. "I didn't show it to him. I mentioned to Jim that I might speak, that's all."

The signs are clear. Westminster is at last getting to grips with "the Irish Question", and the immediate effects are likely to be a considerable slackening of discipline in both Labour and Conservative ranks.

The Labour Party has almost 20 backbenchers—mostly Catholic—who have Irish connections and who have identified themselves with the S.D. and L.P. They were known, affectionately, as "the I.R.A." in Westminster, until that became a sick joke. They have so far allowed Callaghan to make the runinng, though they did send a furious delegation to Wilson when Callaghan made a particularly blatant attempt to swing Labour's national executive behind the N.I.L.P. They sympathise with Gerry Fitt, and reckon that Callaghan has been consistently trying to sell him out.

Wilson's "100 signatures" may be read as signs that this group now expect to be heard, is no longer prepared to "leave it to Jim", and reckons to be able to muster a decent third of the party by including some of the Stop-Callaghan faction.

Among the Conservatives, the tragedy has been that no Tory minister has emerged with the same kind of commitment to Ireland that Callaghan has assumed—whether it is a realistic commitment or not. But the range of opinion is widening. From the left, there are strong factions with links with the Young Conservatives and the Bow Group, who are now prepared to say privately that Faulkner has drawn Heath into "playing the Orange card". Some expect to say it publicly after the recess. There are one or two liberal-minded Tory M.P.s who have been spoiling for a fight with the Ulster Unionists and who might be persuaded to have a go after the recess.

A year ago, a debate on Ireland would produce the 60 or so Irish experts in the Commons—of one persuasion or another—while the rest of the members would disappear, or occasionally put their heads round the door in complete bewilderment. The number of M.P.s who can now follow Irish affairs—even if only to chart the internal politics of their party—must now be about 200. It will get bigger, rapidly, as the debate becomes increasingly polarised in party terms and as more and more constituents have a brother or a son or an Irish cousin under fire in Ireland.

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It is to be hoped that the Greek Colonels did not miss last Sunday's edition of the London "Observer". That great bastion of British liberal opinion which over the years has castigated the perpetrators of brutality from My Lai to Bangla Desh, found brutality nearer to home inexplicably more tolerable. Despite the detailed reports of its own correspondents (amongst the many others in the press of the world) the "Observer" meekly editorialised under the heading "Darkness in Ulster" about "accidents and rumours of brutalities that are inseparable from an operation of this kind". It dismissed the "death of a Catholic priest while tending a dying man and of a deaf mute, who could not have heard the instruction to drop whatever he may have been carrying" as "tragic—but such incidents are almost inevitable in chaotic situations of this kind". And incredible as it may seem after the appalling evidence of the brutalities of the past week, it concluded that "The Army is, in fact, showing extraordinary restraint." Colonels please note.

The North 3

S.D.L.P. Comes Into It's Own

AS A PARTY, the Social Democratic and Labour Party has not had a great deal of luck. The individual flair and nous which the members of the Party had displayed as independent members or as mavericks within other parties had not distinguished them as a year-old party. Things did not go right for them. Day to day concerns made it difficult for them to create a party structure. Their parliamentary performance was poor with the exception of John Hume's unveiling of the growth of the gun clubs. Generally the political initiative slipped away from them as the politics of violence superceded the politics of compromise. Even when the S.D.L.P. tried to seize the initiative by withdrawing from Stormont following the deaths of Beattie and Cusack, the ploy did not attract a great deal of support. Their own supporters felt that there were occasions which would have been more appropriate to decide upon a policy of abstention. The Government response was to emphasise the Faulkner offer of the introduction of a committee system whereby the Opposition members would exercise a greater degree of influence in parliamentary affairs.

In taking the decision to withdraw from attendance at Stormont the S.D.L.P. appeared to be acting hastily and without due concern for the long term implications of the decision. It was significant that Gerry Fitt in whose constituency several innocent people had been killed in the past by British soldiers was not present at the meeting when it was decided to withdraw from Stormont. Gerry Fitt had frequently queried the value of withdrawal as a political tactic. He had recognised withdrawal as the last card to play in a domesday situation. Apart from playing their last political card the policy of abstention also blurred the difference between between the S.D.L.P. position and the Republican position.

When internment was introduced the Fitt position seemed to be justified. Since there was no other political card to be played the S.D.L.P. had to devise new non-political tactics. Their initial tactic was to issue a call for withdrawal from public life and indeed from employment in the public service. The response was mixed. Local government representatives, both S.D.L.P. and others, quickly indicated their support for such a withdrawal. Roy Bradford on television however pointed out gleefully that there had been practically no response from other public figures or public servants. The sacrifice it seemed was too much to ask.

Meanwhile however spontaneous demands at local level were being made for rent and rates strikes. The S.D.L.P. supported these moves but gave no clear indication of what procedure they supported and in the ensuing confusion there was considerable doubt about the effectiveness of the tactic.

The reason of course for the lack of direction from the S.D.L.P. was basically the same as had limited their effectiveness throughout the preceding year. The individual M.P.s were snowed under by the pressure of events and the sheer physical impossibility of covering all the contingencies they were faced with. People looked to them to be on the streets to give moral and practical help. They were expected to be patrolling the corridors of power influencing the decision makers in London and Dublin. They were also expected to be gathered in conclave formulating the long-term strategy of the opposition in N. Ireland. In the event they could not do all three and as a consequence the passive resistance campaign went off at half-cock.

It went off at half cock because Paddy Devlin was working twenty five hours a day at the Central Citizen's Defence Committee, organising protection and evacuation not only for the Catholics of his constituency but indeed of the whole of Belfast. Gerry Fitt was commuting between London and Belfast mobilising the already alarmed members of the parliamentary Labour Party. If the British Labour Party abandons its bipartisan policy on N. Ireland when Westminster resumes, the credit will lie in the main with Gerry Fitt who has emerged as the most moderate of the Opposition spokesmen. His public utterances and T.V. appearances have been marked with a statesmanlike compassion and concern. John Hume has been engaged in his duel role as the defender of non-violence and his position as the unofficial ambassador of the Northern Catholics in Dublin. This is a role he fills through his liason with Eamonn Gallagher of the Dept. of External Affairs, and his influence in that role could be seen in the Lynch "End Stormont" call. As for the others, Currie, Cooper and O'Hanlon, they were on the streets, haranguing the crowds and whipping up support for the local initiatives which were being taken.

The presence of the M.P.s and their activity could not be denied. But nevertheless there was a considerable scepticism amongst the body of people from whom they might have anticipated support. The Civil Rights Association offered a mild rebuke for being ignored by the S.D.L.P.: rent strikers pressed on regardless of the

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The Northern M.P.s and Senators who met members of the Government earlier this week. Standing, from the left, are: Mr. Paddy Devlin, M.P.; Senator P. J. O'Hare, Senator Senator Paddy Wilson, Mr. John Carron, M.P.; the Minister for Labour and Social Welfare, Mr. Brennan; Mr. Paddy O'Hanlon, M.P.; Mr. John Hume, M.P.; Mr. Austin Currie, M.P.; Mr. Ivan Cooper, M.P.; Senator P. F. Molloy, the Minister for Education, Mr. Faulkner Mr. Roderick O'Connor, M.P., and Senator J. G. Lennon. Seated, from left, are: Mrs. Thomas Gormley, M.P.; Senator Patrick Magill, Mr. James O'Reilly, M.P.; the Taoiseach, Mr. Lynch; Mr.Gerry Fitt, M.P.; the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Hillery, and the Minister for Finance, Mr. Colley.

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S.D.L.P. and the ratepayers grumbled because of lack of direction. The Republicans and the left wing socialists condemned the Lynch proposals as part of an S.D.L.P. sell out on the partition question.

And then for the first time in a year the S.D.L.P. had their first stroke of collective luck.

The British Army made another of those monumental blunders which has characterised their behaviour over the past year. When the British Army sprayed Hume and Cooper with a dye and then arrested them they rescued the S.D.L.P. from the doldrums into which they had been drifting. The outrage and personal humiliation put these men visually, psychologically and officially into the front line of resistance to a totalitarian regime. What the British Army did was to demonstrate that in the official view no form of resistance or protests against an arbitrary authority is legitimate. In doing so it moved the front line of the conflict into the kitchen of practically every Catholic home in the North of Ireland. The response was immediate and effective. The Catholic leadership of Derry who resigned from public office the following day represented a much more conservative element than the elected councillors. Stephen McGonigle ex-President of I.C.T.U. and Frank McGuckian are not the type of men who panic easily or who are indifferent to the problems of improved community relations. Guckiam in particular has been criticised by his fellow Derry men as a Lundy who lent Catholic support to the Government by agreeing to serve on the Craigavon Commission at a time when it was felt that this was a deliberate blow against Derry. His own flourishing shirt manufacturing business has been destroyed in the fires which have swept Derry since July. John Maultsaid who has resigned also, was chairman of the local police committee. Such men are not reckless anarchists or bomb toting gunmen. They represent the Catholic Establishment of the North West and they are now solidly behind the S.D.L.P. In the calmer atmosphere which should prevail until the recall of Westminster it is clear that the resistance structure will be developed and plans laid for the alternative assembly. By the beginning of September however Westminster will be faced not just with an alternative assembly but with an alternative society. The S.D.L.P. quite clearly is moving from a tactical approach to a strategic approach.

The North 4

The Internment Blunder

AT THIS STAGE it is possible to make a single assessment of internment which only those who depend for political survival on the success of the present security policies and those who have been duped by them would deny; namely that internment has been a disaster !

The ramifications are immense: it is simply impossible to foresee all the consequences of the multitude of conflicting forces set in train by internment. Because unlike the other occasions when internment was introduced, there is no time for repairing errors or compensating for omissions.

The leaders of the IRA were not picked up. A number of front men were, and so also were a number of middle officers, but the leaders of both the Provisionals and the Officials in Belfast made off before the security force struck. The insolent effrontery of the Provisionals in presenting their leader . . . Joe Cahill. . . for public display should not merely be considered in the light of a party trick, because even though the security forces soon found out that Cahill was in town, they were unable to apprehend him, or any of his colleagues. It is still not certain how so many leading IRA men knew in advance that internment was on the way. The Officials have been saying for some time now that they have contacts in the R.U.C. Special Branch, and it is possible that the top men were tipped off a short time before the security forces moved in. It is certain that the leader of the Officials in Belfast was not at home on Sunday night, and since he is a man of basically sedentary habits and often in bad health it seems unlikely he was out of his house merely by chance. The director of operations for the Provisionals in the city who is one of the best known I.R.A. characters in Belfast provided another spectacular evasion of the troops, and he is now in Letterkenny, under orders to stay out of the North. This is to ensure that a command infrastructure is maintained in the event of more swoops. And presumably there will be. The ramshackle condition of the security forces intelligence network has been cruelly exposed, and to prevent the massive anti-Unionist campaign which is growing apace at virtually every conceivable layer taking on a more deadly military aspect, the I.R.A. will have to be neutralised. It is true that the I.R.A. has suffered, particularly in the gunfights, but generally, they have kept their command chain reasonably intact.

The so-called "dry runs" which preceded the introduction of internment could only have marginally assisted the intelligence collation and it certainly acted as a warning that something was in the air. What does seem remarkable was that internment was not prevented by whatever realisation the army came to during these preliminary raids that they did not have sufficient information to ensure a clean surgical pick up when the time came. It seems that, in fact, the army knew this; they knew that they were unable to perform the precise lobotomy that was essential if the policy were to succeed. They knew this and opposed the introduction of internment, but were unable to prevent the Heath-Faulkner alliance gaining the initiative over the **ad hoc** alliance of Tuzo and Maudling.

General Tuzo, above all people, knew that internment would fail to pick up the I.R.A. leaders, and knew that a one-sided internment policy would provoke an insurrection. He also knew that well-armed Protestant organisations existed which could swing into action should the opportunity arise. . . . and unlike their Republican equivalents, the extremist Protestants were an open book to the intelligence services. Since the middle sixties, the R.U.C. Special Branch has infiltrated the U.V.F., and the registers of the B specials are accurate guides to extremist Protestant terrain. But it is probably not accurate to say that the failure to arrest leading Protestants is a main factor in Catholic anger. The Catholics would have risen anyway, though the ferocity of their reaction was enhanced by the support they gained from Catholic moderates. What would have been insufferable for Faulkner was the Protestant backlash, if, say, the members of the Shankill Defence Association were detained, Faulkner knew that he could not control the consequences if the S.D.A. leaders were picked up, and so he took the easy course and clobbered the Fenians.

In fact it's extremely unlikely that internment could have worked, no matter how impartially the army had directed its fire power. It worked in the past with a quiescent and muddled working class in the 1950's when the I.R.A. could be rounded up with the minimum of fuss and bother. Today, however, Faulkner is saddled with the most ungovernable working class . . . and that includes the Protestants . . . in Europe.

If the bloody defiance of the Catholics was a surprise, then so much more so was the apparently systematic and in political terms incredibly stupid brutality of the army. Aside from the explicable if not justifiable excesses of soldiers in riot situations, the cruel treatment of those interned . . . or worse, of those who were to be released after questioning . . . defies any justification. The stories are chilling and too mutually reinforcing to be other than true. Endless beatings, starvation, enforced sleeplessness, and the fiendish and extremely demoralising trick of pushing people out backwards of a helicopter when the helicopter is hovering a few feet off the ground: all this is so common that it makes weary and terrible reading. And it marks the present treatment off from what internees suffered in the past. One of those interned in the 1950's claimed that he was never once tortured or maltreated by the R.U.C. One almost hears praise of the R.U.C. behaviour from Catholics who have had the recent misfortune to fall into the hands of the Military Police or Paratroopers.

Some of the most draconian of tactics seems to have been reserved for Civil Rights leaders. The fact that so many people associated with the civil rights movement were picked up indicates that the basis for a large number of arrests was conspicuousness rather than any proven connection with the I.R.A. A few well known I.R.A. members have been detained and the stories coming out about their fate are terrifying. And harmless, rather amiable men like Liam Shepherd (of the Turf Lodge Residents Association) have found themselves interned: in Shepherd's case almost certainly on the

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strength of the mildly reckless indiscretion of flying a tricolour on his front lawn. The future of those interned, though not rosy, is likely to be easier now that they have passed out of the hands of the military.

Within 28 days of their detention, internment orders must be signed by the Minister of Home Affairs, Mr. Faulkner. They can then appeal to an advisory committee which is nominated by Mr. Faulkner which can consider their case and make recommendations to him. After that, they then face the almost intolerable burden of a sentence without term . . . something every previous internee knows and dreads beyond description. Its possible too that some of the men will crack under the pressure which will be applied to them.

But for every spirit broken by the ordeal of internment the army must know that that the revolutionary zeal of working class Catholics has been increased beyond that repressive authority which encompasses its aims with the crude devices of torture.

The North 5

What Protestant Backlash?

THE ULSTER VOLUNTEER FORCE means many things to many people in the North. To the medical profession it is a hospital in east Belfast; to some musicians, a blue-uniformed flute band; to wall-daubers in Protestant slums, a powerful militia ready to visit vengeance on "the enemies of Ulster"; and to Catholics it means snipers firing into the ghettoes. But to Unionist politicians it is more than all this. To them it is an ace which can be played, in the words of William Craig, "at the drop of a hat", or whenever the game of political poker requires it. More detached observers however, might see the UVF as part of a continuing Orange myth which has, so far, ensured the survival of Northern Ireland as presently constituted.

The term was first heard in a modern context in the mid-Sixties—shortly after the formation of Paisley's Ulster Protestant Volunteers. In 1966, following a brutal and apparently motiveless shooting of two young Belfast Catholics who had strayed into the Protestant Malvern Street area, the then Premier, Terence O'Neill, suggested there were links between the U.P.V. and the murderers—all of whom, including the informer operating within the four-man group, were convicted of offences related to the crime. It was not until 1969 that the spectre of the UVF again made an appearance. On that occasion a series of explosions at public utilities on both sides of the Border precipitated the downfall of Premier O'Neill and led to the charging of a five-strong group with various offences. Among those charged were Frank Mallon, a close associate of Paisley's and, until just before his arrest, a director of the Puritan Printing Company, which Paisley founded; Trevor Elwood who, until a short time before he was charged, was employed as a van driver by the same company; John McKeague, well known as an ardent supporter of Paisley —until just after his arrest, and Willie Stevenson, an RUC informer who claimed to have been a paid election worker for the Reverend Doctor. After a trial attended by Major Ronnie Bunting, another of Paisley's former associates, which was punctuated by two explosions — one near a juror's home, the other near the Judge's bench while the court was in session, all of the defendants were acquitted. Stevenson — the informer — was tried separately and sent down for twelve years.

Talk of the UVF was common throughout 1969. And in August of that year there were allegations that men wearing armbands had helped 'B' Specials burn Catholic homes while the RUC raked the ghetto areas with gunfire. The following October a short-lived but fierce riot occured on the Protestant Shankill Road in Belfast, and an RUC man was killed and twenty British troops wounded by gunfire. And again the UVF was mentioned. Since that time there have been a number of incidents, such as the killing of three off-duty Scottish soldiers and an eve-of-internment explosion at Ballyhumford power station, which bore the hallmarks of UVF *agents provocateur*. There have also been numerous small explosions at or near Catholic homes, several unsuccessful attempts by gunmen to invade Catholic areas, and sporadic sniping incidents from the Protestant side of the "peace-line."

It is on such occasions that the UVF myth—assisted by hope, fear, and chicanery —has been built. From Protestants comes the hope; a hope that an Orange army, more secret yet more powerful than the 'B' men, exists, ready to defend them from IRA hordes in the event of a complete betrayal by Whitehall. From Catholics comes the fear that the 'B' Specials have gone underground and will inevitably rise again. And from Unionist politicians comes chicanery in their hints that such a force is real, and prepared for civil war if Unionists are removed from power.

But behind the myth lies reality. Indications are that since the arrival of British troops the small bands of armed hooligans who glory in the title UVF are in decline. The most recent evidence of this is the almost exclusive use of home-made chemical bombs by UVF men. The planting of these pipe-bombs, which are as dangerous to the bomber as to the victim, seems to suggest that gelignite—that most common of Northern commodities—is no longer, for the present at least, available to Protestant extremists. Further clues to UVF strength were provided during post-internment street fighting in Belfast. Sniper fire directed into Catholic areas came mostly from .22 rifles, a small calibre sporting weapon, .303 rifles —a gun used for target shooting in gun clubs—and pistols of various kinds. There were no reports of sub-machine guns or automatic rifles being used by Protestant gunmen. One conclusion which might be drawn from this is that the degree of organisation required to procure such weapons abroad and bring them into the country is missing from Orange extremist groups. Missing too are those most essential things needed by an illegal army—popular support and determined leadership. Lack of support has been shown by the sparsely attended funerals of Protestant men who were killed while engaged in violence. Kilkeel man, Tommy McDowell, fatally injured while planting a bomb in Ballyshannon, County Donegal, was laid to rest quietly without a hint of military grandeur or popular regret. And there have been many other such funerals, and more pointed demonstrations of the absence of large-scale sympathy among Protestants for militant extremism. When, following the Hunt Report which heralded the disbanding of the 'B' men and the disarming of the RUC, Protestants felt most betrayed, few rallied round the gunmen who, then equipped with 'B' Special type guns, made a far from impressive stand on Belfast's Shankill Road. Indeed the death of an RUC man on that occasion dealt a severe psychological blow to armed Protestantism—a blow matched only by the discovery some time later that the RUC Special Branch had infiltrated all the little groups engaged in the action that night. And when the street bigots decided that Ulster was right and that Ulster would fight they found that there were none more vociferous in their condemnation of them than their erstwhile heroes, Craig, Paisley, Boal, and West.

It must be said however, that there remains the possibility of a Protestant guerrilla force developing. The now infamous gun clubs could provide excellent cover for training, while the semi-secret Orange Order could provide an organisational backbone. But the absence of active support of insurgent tradition among the Protestant populace, and of a single ally outside the Six Counties, make such a possibility seem remote. After all Carson and 1912 are now merely vague memories. The Kaiser is dead, Irish troops garrison the Curragh, and Tory M.P.s are more interested in European economics than in Empire. And perhaps, when the inevitable political settlement of the Irish problem is reached, the UVF will be remembered simply as that flute band on the Shankill Road and that hospital in east Belfast.

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"PROTECTION AGAINST INJUSTICE IN N.I. IS NOW AFFORDED ON A SCALE UNEQUALLED EVEN IN THE REST OF THE UNITED KINGDOM."— Extract from British Army Confidential Staff Handbook.

The North 6

Alliance Of The Right

IT WAS POINTED OUT in these columns some time ago that Brian Faulkner's position as Prime Minister was secure so long as there was no clear agreement amongst the leaders of the Ultra Protestants. Such agreement has now emerged with the coalition between the Craigites and the Paisleyites and their various front organisations. The one element missing in such an alliance is the armed sections of the Protestant community. Until that element is brought into the alliance it will be less than successful in staging the sort of coup its leaders have in mind. Politically, their position is weak. Faulkner has pre-empted their position by his internment swoop. Although both Boal and Paisley have consistently upheld their earlier opposition to internment, they have shifted ground on their reasons, and their statements on this question have cut no ice with their own supporters. In earlier debates, they had opposed it because they had envisaged it would be invoked against loyalists. When Faulkner stole their thunder by interning only Catholics and a few left-wing Protestants, they reverted to an opposition on the principle of the measure. Craig, however, welcomed the measure and there is no doubt that the vast majority of the Protestant community are solidly behind Faulkner in this step. The U.V.F. groupings are particularly happy with it because it offered them an opportunity to flex their muscles and show their strength, especially along the peace line areas.

So for the moment, the Ulster Protestants have lost the initiative and will be unable to regain it so long as Heath backs Faulkner. Two possible developments will enable them to intervene positively in the political situation in the North. The first could be the inevitable modification of the Whitehall support for Faulkner. At the moment the Faulkner line of "no talks till peace is restored" has been accepted in Whitehall. As it becomes apparent that peace will not be restored until talks are commenced, Faulkner will come under increasing pressure from Heath to acquiesce in some Westminster initiative. At this point the new Protestant Alliance will come into play as a decisive factor. They will not permit Faulkner the luxury of any options and there is little doubt that politically they could at that point topple him.

As the campaign of direct violence continues, accompanied by a pattern of civil unrest arising from the civil disobedience campaign, the demand for direct local action by vigilante groups will grow. It is at this point that the final element in the Protestant Alliance would be welded into the coalition. The Protestant physical force movement seems to operate at two levels. The local defence committees are popularly based and seem to be loosely organised. They involve in leadership men who would accept the political leadership of a Craig/Paisley axis and would be prepared to use the local defence committees to contribute to a political situation where this axis could overthrow Faulkner. By using the internment disturbances as a cover to redraw the boundary lines between Catholic areas and Protestant areas, they have already established quite clearly a no-man's land from which attacks on Catholic areas can be launched. In the ensuing violence, Faulkner's political support would drain off through intimidation, fear and hopelessness.

It is unlikely that the U.V.F. would contribute directly to these developments. This hard core clandestine group is unwilling to surface openly until the "doomsday" situation is actually reached. They have no more regard for the politics of Craig than for those of Faulkner. They maintain contacts in the local defence committees but keep their own planning and activities quite distant from these. They are a group to be reckoned with in terms of ruthlessness but not in terms of political realities.

The essential political reality is the nexus linking Paisley, Craig and the local defence committees. This is where the necessary combination of political power and fire power lies. At the moment, Brian Faulkner's only support is the British Government. The parliamentary support that keeps him in office will drain off as soon as that Government starts to exert pressure on him or as soon as the Protestant street groups start to exert new pressures to restrain the Catholic resistance. At that point the ultimate reality of the Northern situation will have been reached. On the one hand will be ranged a frightened but united and determined Catholic community resolved by a variety of methods to bring about fundamental changes in the political structures of the North. On the other will be ranged that section of the Protestant community (possibly fifty to sixty per cent of that community) which is determined that there can be no compromise or tampering with these structures. It is these groups that the British Government will eventually have to bring together around a table. No wonder it is suggested that the total of British Army personnel will rise to 20,000 this Winter.

The North 7

The I.R.A. Split Now

SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER fighting in Belfast has not meant an end to the struggle among Republicans for political control of the opposition to Unionist and Fianna Fail hegemony. Co-operation between Official and Provisional I.R.A. at rank and file level, which has taken place in the North for many months and intensified with the introduction of internment, is a counterpoint to the verbal sniping that has been going on between opposing leaderships for almost a year.

Efforts have been made to stop the battle of words by people on both sides who consider the struggle should be more strenuously conducted, elsewhere and in unity. They have so far failed, because neither side is willing to allow its opponent the last word and because a real political tug-o'-war for the loyalty of Republicans has begun.

The lines adopted in the tug-o'-war are political, military and a mixture of the two. The Officials are confident of their political approach, which attempts to set in the context of parliamentary appeal, their message of socialist republican revolution. They have taken strong military action in Belfast and Derry but are reluctant to do into the business of claim and counter-claim, partly for strategic reasons, partly because they want to avoid drawing attention to those who are active.

The Provisionals have no such political certainty. Their approach has been without the doctrinal background and depth of the Officials. Their reliance on military tactics has to a great extent clouded their political ideas and tended to leave their initial populist-style policy documents without elaboration or development.

Now, the shift to a "peace conference" ploy of the Lynch administration and the sudden reappearance of Mr. John Hume, trailing the S.D.L.P. in a campaign of civil disobedience in the North, have combined with loudly advertised Provo successes to provoke reassessment of political and military lines by both wings of the Republican movement.

Both feel sure the success of the civil disobedience campaign will depend on their support. The Officials, clearly, are closer to its origins and intellectual basis than the Provisionals. The Officials' strictly anti-capitalist line runs parallel with the idea of rent and rates strikes and other activity which, while attacking the Unionists, attacks the structure too.

The Provisionals, on shaky ground when it comes to political thought, have reacted by trying to establish a base through their regional plan: the hastily convened meeting in Monaghan was their first major attempt at getting broad support for the idea of regional government but had all the marks of haste and, as yet, unformed proposals. But they managed to get together a committee which is to help the civil disobedience campaign.

Militarily, there is still much to divide Official from Provisional. The Officials refuse to believe that an all-out campaign against the British Army can succeed. They would involve the Republic only to the ex-

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Mr. Ivan Cooper, M.P., being arrested in Derry on August 18th, while Mr. John Hume, who was also arrested, tries to intervene—photo by Willie Carson (Derry).

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tent of challenging domestic and foreign capital on socialist grounds.

The Provisionals look, instead, to the old field of conflict around the Border and would obviously welcome a confrontation between British and Irish troops in a sensitive area. An attempt to achieve this could well be the next move in the field.

The North 8

The Constitutional Alternatives

STORMONT, as we have known it, is dead. That has been clear ever since Mr. Faulkner unwrapped his much-maligned "participation package" last June, and the process of decomposition has merely been hastened by what has happened subsequently.

Mr. Faulkner's idea was for an enlarged assembly, taking account of the added responsibilities which centralisation of former local government services like planning and education will throw on the legislators. He also wanted new "functional" committees, overseeing Government plans in the fields of environmental, industrial and social services, with two Opposition chairmen out of the four.

A year ago, even six months ago, it would have been a revolutionary proposal. But within weeks it was consigned to the grave, and Opposition M.P.s who had given it lukewarm support were quitting Parliament en bloc. The Stormont of the future, if there is to be one, will be a very different assembly indeed.

Virtually all the Opposition groupings of all shades of green and red are now dedicated to the overthrow of the Stormont regime by violent or non-violent means, and it is wholly reasonable to expect they will succeed. If so, what are the legal processes, and what are the likely alternatives?

Overthrow of Stormont means in effect a takeover by Westminster and this is most likely to come in the form of a suspension of the Northern Ireland Parliament. This might be achieved by an Order in Council, since Westminster retains overall power under the 1920 Ireland Act, but it would be simpler to pass a brief Act, suspending Stormont indefinitely and providing for rule through an appointed Commission acting as agents for Westminster.

This much is agreed by those who have recognised Ulster's basic ungovernability. But it is regarded as merely an interim solution, and the differences arise over the likely means by which Westminster will try to disengage itself.

Without doubt, Westminster will want to re-establish some form of Northern Ireland assembly as soon as possible, and in this it will be guided by the Crowther Commission, which is due to report in the autumn on its proposals for regional government in England, Wales, and Scotland, as well as Northern Ireland. Almost certainly there will be a down-grading of Stormont, reducing its status from that of a devolved Parliament to the county council level it deserves, probably without legislative powers.

At the same time, the membership will be enlarged, to meet the increased work-load brought about by reforms in local government and to try to ensure that the strengthened committee system, as proposed by Mr. Faulkner, would be worked by M.P.s of a higher calibre than presently. The Upper House, if retained at all, would benefit from the selection of members from non-political interest groups like the C.B.I. or the Ulster Farmers' Union.

Basic to all these suggestions is the adoption of an electoral system of PR which in theory would help minority parties like Labour and Alliance. It would also help the Protestant Unionists, and the most likely result would be a permanent alliance with the Unionist right wing, and a break-up of the present Government party.

But the most drastic and effective reform of all, which must now be seriously considered, is Proportional Representation in Government, as hinted by Mr. Lynch on August 12. This is current in Switzerland, and it worked for 20 years in Austria after World War II, in order to avoid a repetition of the 1934 civil war between Catholics and Socialists. Mr. Lynch has talked about 50-50 representation, but 65-35 is a more likely division. The problem is whether Paisley, Fitt and Faulkner could find enough common ground to form a credible Government. Some say yes, but most say no.

This is the broad outline of a political solution which has already been outlined in a pamphlet for the New Ulster Movement by Dr. J. H. Whyte of Queen's University, and interestingly enough, it was agreeable to nearly all shades of Opposition opinion only a few weeks ago—with the exception of the far Left, represented by the People's Democracy. By now, it is safe to assume that Opposition terms would be even tougher for Unionists to concede.

Some analysts disagree on details of the alternative. Some say the commission, appointed on a 6-3 Protestant-Catholic basis, must consist of non-politicians, chaired by an outsider like Sir Fred Catherwood, and others say that only politicians would carry weight with the community. The future of the present Commons is also in doubt—should it be suspended, or should it be kept functioning as a purely adivsory body, to assuage Protestant fears that to give up Stormont would mean an end to the guarantee that Northern Ireland's constitution could not be changed without the consent of the Northern parliament?

Speculation about links with the South only further complicates the issue, at this stage, while no basis for agreement exists between Dublin and the Northern majority. But long-term plans must be laid against the day when such an agreement is possible, and as a starter Northern Ireland's status as an integral part of the United Kingdom might be altered.

These are amongst the foreseeable developments but there are others. The border could be redrawn, reducing the state of Northern Ireland to a Protestant enclave in Antrim, Down, Belfast and parts of North Armagh and East Tyrone. If Catholics would agree to resettlement, the resulting statelet would be more, rather than less, viable, having rid itself of unemployment black spots like Derry, Enniskillen and Newry. Again, Britain might decide on a Crossman-like doomsday solution, naming a day for withdrawal of troops and hoping that the shock would bring the reasonable men on both sides together. It is still early days for British public opinion to turn against the "peace-keeping" operation in Northern Ireland, but the precedents in Palestine, Aden, Cyprus, Algeria and Vietnam are all on the side of those who demand nothing less than that the constitution be changed utterly.

DESPITE Mr. Brian Faulkner's assurance that holders of "divergent political views may participate to the full" (in Northern Ireland), very many of the internees are not members of terrorist groups or illegal oganisations. Since the introduction of internment, the British Army has begun a smear campaign against one of the most prominent of the internees, Michael Farrell of People's Democracy, alleging that he was the leader of a para-military group of terrorists. In view of this it is interesting to note the Army's own description of Farrell, published in "Facts About Northern Ireland", an internal confidential handbook for British Army Officers serving in the North. There is no mention whatsover of Farrell's alleged involvement in "terrorist" activities.

Born in May 1944, now lives in Belfast and is a lecturer in Liberal Studies in Belfast College of Technology. He has a B.A., having graduated from Queen's University, Belfast. At various times since 1963 has been associated with the Communit Party of Northern Ireland, the Irish Workers' Group and the Northern Ireland Committee for Peace in Vietnam and sundry other extreme Socialist organisations. He stood for Stormont but came well behind O'Neill and Paisley in the Bannside contest. He was also elected to the Committee of NICRA. During August 1969 he appears to have been the organiser and chief announcer on Radio Free Belfast. He has been fined several times for offences connected with Civil Rights Demonstrations."

The North 9

Along The Border

ALONG THE BORDER, North and South, the offical policy appears to be one of a lot of talk and little real action. On either side the respective administrations have marshalled strong reinforcements but apparently to little avail. Men from the North who escaped internment have been moving freely in the Border areas and quite a number of them have addressed gatherings —often public meetings—in the North. Yet in the South at official level, the line is

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that the Republic is not being used as a base while in the North at official level the line is that none of the wanted men can penetrate the security network along the Border.

In Newry, for example, the tactic has been for the Army to mount a particularly strong show of force at the entrances to the town on the main Dublin-Belfast road. On the Northern side of the town there is a regular checkpoint near the local army headquarters and at the southern approach upwards of a hundred troops are on duty at a sandbagged checkpoint where barbed wire, nailboards, heavy spiked chains and strong barricades are spread across the road. From armoured vehicles heavy guns are trained on each motorist. Each passenger and each pedestrian is frisked; the boot, the bonnet and the bodywork of each car is thoroughly examined. Yet, as this is happening on the main road, along the side roads one can move quite freely.

The real aim of the show of strength is obvious. Anyone with the slightest item to conceal would be warned by the long line of traffic at the approaches to the checkpoint. The real target of the searches seems to be the local sympathysers, the local housewives, who it is hoped will be so terrorised by the show of strength that they will refuse any refuge or help to those on the run.

However, for the genuine 'subversive' the road blocks are having little effect, due basically to the army's lack of local knowledge and to the fact that in their task generally they have received little support from the local police. For, example, on the morning that internment was introduced, Sam Dowling, a leader in the local Civil Rights Association, was called from his bed and asked to do something about two men who had been taken by the army. Immediately he went to the local police station where he was told that they had no knowledge of the incident but they allowed him make a number of 'phone calls. On one of these calls he was told that at that very moment troops were surrounding his home. So, politely excusing himself, he left the police and made good his escape. Three days later, near Dungannon, he was stopped in a routine search by the U.D.R. His car was searched and he was allowed go freely.

This split between the army and the constabulary has been in evidence for some time. Some months ago, in Belfast when the "Starry Plough" on the New Lodge Road was raided and the army took into custody Paddy Kennedy, M.P., and the owner of the pub, Councillor James O'Kane (now incidentally among those on the Maidstone), there was on the streets open disagreement between the army and the police. In Newry, when an army patrol found itself in difficulty in the G.A.A. grounds, again there was open disagreement with the senior police officer publicly disclaiming responsibility for the action of the troops.

In the South, the attitude at official level appears to be one of "watch and listen" and at Government level to ignore. On the morning of internment, Dundalk was filled with special branch men from Dublin. Also there, but totally overshadowed, were the intelligence men from the army, R.U.C. and British officers.

The resources of the uniformed Gardai have been augumented significantly. At Hackballscross, little more than a crossroads, where normally there was a complement of three, eight extra Gardai and a sergeant have been added. At Omeath and at Dromad, near the border post at Killeen, there have been similar additions and in Cavan, Monaghan and Donegal, additions have been reported. Yet, at official level, the Government is not aware of any real activities in the South. At Omeath, for instance, there is clear evidence that the man responsible for the destruction of the British Customs Post, while it was staffed, walked the few yards from the Border into the North and threw the bomb before escaping back to the South in a waiting car. The blast at Killeen was similar and after the attack on the barracks at Crossmaglen, most of those involved made off across the Border. Queried on these specific issues, the Government failed to come up with any reply other than Mr. O'Malley's stereotyped statement in reply to the allegations by the Northern Premier on these issues.

In the North, however, there is a real fear of the Border and of those who have refuge in the South. Last week-end in Armagh a full scale search was mounted for three soldiers missing from their units. With no real clue as to where they went the army has searched the local rivers and sent intelligence men to the South. Were they killed? Did they desert across the Border? Nobody can say at the moment but one can say that their absence has played havoc with the morale of the remaining troops and there is no doubt but that the border, either by affording refuge to them as deserters or to those responsible for their disappearance is blamed as the cause of the trouble. At official level there is a policy of keeping troops well away from the border—at least four or five miles—especially at night. In the urban centres there are strong blockades but the country terrain along the border is regarded as dangerous. As one local resident put it, "They're afraid that there'd be a bang from the South and they wouldn't go back."

In the South, the Gardai are there, watching every move but, for the moment it would appear that the policy is to stand idly by.

* * *

THE CONDUCT of the British troops in Northern Ireland is governed by the Common Law as it applies in Northern Ireland: The Army Act 1955 and statute law in force in Northern Ireland including regulations made by the Government of Northern Ireland under the Special Powers Acts which are now in force.

The Common Law which governs soldiers and other citizens alike imposes, in this context, an obligation upon every citizen to come to the aid of the Civil Power, when the Civil Power requires his assistance to enforce Law and Order, and to use no more force than is necessary to preserve or restore the peace (The Principle of "Minimum Force"). The Military are thus bound to come to the aid of the Civil Power when summoned and thenceforward decisions concerning the application of force have to be taken by the Military Authorities on the spot.

The Special Powers available to security forces in Northern Ireland (which date from the 1920s) enable soldiers to set up road blocks, stop and search cars and people, enter and search buildings and make arrests without warrant where, broadly speaking, the preservation of the peace demands it.

The Army Act and Queen's Regulations provide for the manner in which soldiers who commit a civil offence shall be dealt with.

Fianna Fail

The Cork Defections

BELMONT VILLAS is a short, narrow cul-de-sac leading off Magazine Road in the heart of Cork city's south-western suburbia. On the night of Tuesday, August 17th, an estimated fourteen men met in the detached two-storey home of Mr. Gerald Carroll at No. 2 Belmont Villas. Kevin Boland had come to the meeting from Mallow, twenty-two miles away. In the Blackwater-side town he had collected the former Secretary of the Mallow Fianna Fail Cumann, Paddy O'Callaghan. The others had been picked up in various parts of the city and driven to the Carroll home. According to their host, not more than three of them were aware, up to the moment of their arrival, of the time and place of the meeting. Despite the secrecy of the preparations, however, both the time and the venue were clearly known to the Fianna Fail leadership in Cork. How they came by the knowledge is likely to remain a matter of controversy.

Gerald Carroll, a forty-two years old pharmaceutical chemist, emerged from the meeting as Boland's man in Cork. His was the first signature on the document issued for publication in the following day's newspapers and, through the "Cork Examiner' newsroom, for broadcasting over R.T.E. Six other signatures followed that of Mr. Carroll on the statement which announced their resignations from the Fianna Fail Party on the grounds that it had "abandoned the last vestiges of Republicanism".

Whether the resignation of Carroll would have caused any heart-searchings for the Taoiseach or for his chief lieutenants in Cork is questionable. A comparative newcomer to the Party and a known dissident, his defection to the Boland camp had been expected for some time. Prior to joining Fiana Fail in 1964 he had made little secret of the republican beliefs which were in keeping with his background as an activist in the Border campaign in the 1950's and as a member of the Cork unit of Saor Uladh. First time out as a Fianna Fail candidate for the Corporation, in 1967, he was easily elected with a big poll. In the Council Chamber and on the City and County Health Authority where he represented the Corporation he was a rather well-known but far from outstanding member. The few occasions on which he made the local headlines concerned matters of grave public importance such as drug controls and the distribution of medicines. His record of reluctance as a spotlight seeker contrasts with the view of his Fianna Fail critics that he entertains parliamentary aspirations.

Gerald Carroll apart, it is with some of the other six resignations that the Taoiseach must be concerned. Jim O'Leary, the chairman of Mr. Lynch's own Cumann, in the North-Western City Constituency, has long been one of the stalwarts of the Party. "Jim J." O'Donovan, the chairman of the P. H. Pearse Cumann, and Denis O'Donovan, Vice-Chairman of the North-West Comhairle Ceanntair, are veterans. That men of that background and standing in the organisation should take the extreme step of publicly resigning and just as publicly participating in the launching of another party is not just something that Fianna Fail in Cork can elect to sweep under the carpet. Others who signed the resignation press release were Seamus O'Donovan, former Secretary of the O'Neill-Crowley Cumann, Pat Lane, a Comhairle Ceanntair Delegate, and James "Chris" Barry, Vice-Chairman of the Hourigan Cumann. Within hours of the publication of the resignations two other Cumainn Chairmen followed suit. Denis O'Brien, Chairman of the Sean T. O'Kelly Cumann, and Diarmuid Traynor, who chaired the Cork Youth Cumann, announced support for Gerald Carroll's group.

The Fianna Fail Party bossman in the city, softly spoken Andy Aherne, complacently commented that it was merely a matter of "cutting off deadwood" and added that those who had resigned amounted to nothing more, from the point of view of the organisation, than "a few individuals'. But Cumainn chairmen are scarcely "individuals" when it comes to organisational matters. And when not less than four chairmen in the Taoiseach's own backyard decide to leave the ranks and go over to the "enemy" they are making political history in Cork.

The extent to which the resignations are likely to affect Fianna Fail in an election may not now be easily gauged. But that damage has been done to the Party's image, not only in the city but throughout the southern counties, cannot be denied. Corkonians have, up to now, found little difficulty in seeing Jack Lynch as one of their own who was showing the rest of Ireland that he could more than hold his own in distant Dublin where he was surrounded by Dublin orientated plotters who were resentful of his Leeside origins and loyalties. Whatever happened by the Liffey, Cork was certain to back Jack to the last round and the last man. While it is conceivable that the line may hold it has been shaken by the resignations.

How far Gerald Carroll can succeed in taking his brand of republicanism remains to be seen. In a city where the only Labour seat obtained in more than twenty years of parliamentary elections was due more to the personal popularity of the late Sean Casey than to support for the policies of his party, Carroll may have been courting the anti-labour vote when he said in the course of a press interview, following the resignations, that he left the Republican Movement after the 1956/61 campaign in the North because he "became disillusioned with it when it began to move towards the Left".

"I am very much to the Right", he added. I am opposed to Marxism and that is why I joined Fianna Fail which appeared to be the only alternative".

A statement of that kind might be expected to win candidates of the new Party some business votes in Cork provided, firstly, that it did not call itself a republican party and secondly that it was not responsible for rocking the Jack Lynch boat. That it will not help to popularise him in workers' circles should go without saying. Cork Labour men have long bemoaned the fact that less than a quarter of the city's 37,000 trade unionists have ever cast their votes for a Labour candidate. Connolly Hall may now be deriving some solace from the crack in the hitherto solid looking Fianna Fail edifice with the added expectation that the new party is unlikely, in view of Carroll's "very much to the Right" stance, to attract many workers' votes.

When asked to comment on the resignations, on the very night of the announcement, Aherne said that he and "the Party" had been aware of the meeting in the Belmont Villas house. They were, he claimed, also aware that Kevin Boland was present and that Aherne himself "knew the people who were there".

A day or two later he was to elaborate by saying that his information came from members of Fiannai Fail who had been invited to the meeting. The Aherne statement brought a broadside from Carroll who alleged "telephone tapping" but did not elect to reveal how or by whom he believed the "tapping" was carried out. On the following day he said he had "circumstantial evidence to prove that 'phone tapping was used to obtain information concerning the formation of the new party in Cork".

Carroll further alleged "spying" on the part of Fianna Fail members and told of "two prominent officers of the F.F. Party who tailed members to meetings held in the Intercontinental Hotel and a city hostelry" prior to the date of meeting at which the resignations were announced.

The cloak-and-dagger atmosphere revealed by the allegations and denials of phone tapping, by the Fianna Fail Public Relations Officer in Cork, was given an added aura of adventure when Carroll told of Kevin Boland and Paddy O'Callaghan being followed on the road to Cork by a car driven by "a prominent member of the Mallow Comhairle Ceanntair".

For good measure, he threw in a tit-bit of information about an Ard Fheis "screening" session held in Longueville House, deep in the woodlands three miles west of Mallow, to ensure that none but pro-Lynch delegates would go to the R.D.S. Hall last January.

Fatima Mansions

Another Unity Flats?

RIOTING TEENAGERS, a barricade and the month of August form the now accepted unholy trinity of urban life—in Northern Ireland. On August 3rd at Fatima Mansions, Dubliners saw this unpleasant apparition for the first time. For three days some fifty youths roamed through the six prison-like blocks; two families were driven from their homes, motorists were assaulted, journalists and police barred. By the 5th this puny imitation of nobler insurrections was at an end. But the analogy with Bogside slum incidents is not glib. It was made by no less a person than Fr. Quinn, the Parish Priest of Rialto.

Ostensibly the row in Fatima Mansions seemed to be about a stolen car. The fury of violence was dismissed by respectable persons as the work of a few hooligan families.

Scarcely more sophisticated was the apparently timely article entitled *The Social Function of Physical Violence in an Irish Urban Area,* which appeared the following week in the journal of the E.S.R.I. The author, Conor O'Neill, could be writing about Fatima Mansions when he concludes that in the unidentified Dublin slum he surveyed, violence can be a realistic mode of adaptation to certain situations. He recounts the symptoms or urban violence: the outside world is regarded as a hostile place; the public house becomes an arena where status is maintained by violence both verbal and physical. Certain occupations such as unskilled labourers, he claims, intermesh with the tough family traditions to form "a milieu within which violence is an ever-present and self perpetuating phenomenon."

These commonplace findings are known to every garda on the beat. They are followed by equally platitudinous

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The secret press conference in the Falls, Belfast, called by Stormont M.P. Paddy Kennedy (centre). On his right, John Kelly, and on his left, Joe Cahill, a member of the Provisional Army Council, who confirmed that the I.R.A. were short of ammunition, but contradicted the Army reports that a large number of I.R.A. members had been interned.

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recommendations along the prevailing 'managerial' lines of orthodoxy imported by Irish sociologists from Britain. Mr. O'Neill believes that an "attempt could be made to reduce the alienation of slum residents". Never does he question why there should be slum residents at all. Gardai and social operatives should be "educated in detail on the background environments of their clients."

The overall impression left by Mr. O'Neill is that the slum dwellers should be taught to cope with their environment. The casual visitor to Fatima Mansions is shocked into an immediate realisation that acceptance of such conditions could be equally described as a social disease in its own right. Physically it is like a gigantic American penitentiary. Hemmed in on one side by the canal, bound in on the other three sides by the blank grey squares of equally grim houses, the view from any given spot hugs closely to one simple colour principle — an unyielding infinite blank grey. Even Bogside veterans accustomed to the wire mesh on Derry shopfronts would be respectful of the heavy black corrugated sheets that turn every shop into a cave. The iron cladding is not a response to violence. It came with the flats, twenty-one years ago, and is more likely, by visual squalor, to have helped promote the violence it now seeks to repel.

But the really frightening thing about Fatima Mansions is that essentially it is not a slum. It is no better, and no worse than many other such buildings throughout the north side of Dublin. Its 520 families are accustomed to a financial world ruled by Trading Cheque companies; a visual world from which the colour green has been tidied away by concrete; a world where the dominant smell is the one Brendan Behan described as endemic to all prisons—a smell of excrement and soap. Like Behan, the dwellers have a more pithy description and add gallons of parazone daily to the compound. Neither is the unemployment rate different from other areas of the north side, merely one unique problem peculiar to itself. People from Fatima Mansions looking for jobs tend to forget their address. Girls leaving dance-halls share this amnesia. Neither employers nor boyfriends seem enthusiastic about the area.

On the other hand, Spangle Hill in Cork and the railways streets in Limerick have similar problems. The sinister thing about Fatima Mansions is that the Irish City Fathers have many such mansions on the ground and on their drawing boards.

The Irish middle classes can go on forgetting that such places exist and smugly point to the fact that the recent riots lacking the political content of the Creggan or Unity Flats will fade away. Close students of the strategy of the Official I.R.A. would not be so sanguine. A spokesman this week pointed out that the widespread success of Rent Strikes and anti-H.P. strikes in the Six Counties would not pass unnoticed in the south.

The poor of Lifford might profitably imitate the absention of their neighbours in Strabane, pleading some kind of political solidarity. That Fatima Mansions might in the immediate future imitate Unity Flats is not more remote than the impending presence of southern freedom-riders in Belfast and Derry. Increasingly the northern agony is clothing the country in one seamless robe of latent violence. The forgotten thousands who simmer in the hot boxes from Fatima Mansions to Ballymun might decide to taste the fresh air of the streets. Psychiatrists, doctors, and social workers have endlessly sounded warnings. If the politicians do not heed them, they may need more than a kindly local police force to resolve them. August 1972 could be a much more wicked month.

Sean Mac Entee

The Zoning Exception

"YOUR PREMISES is in an area scheduled as Residential only. This means that if you ever wish to . . . reconstruct it for business purposes, you may be refused permission. This restriction could drastically reduce the value of your property." This was part of a circular distibuted in the Leeson St./Park areas when the Draft Plan zonings for Dublin city were first made known. The signatures included Michael H. Coote and Austin Murray, the latter a practising architect. The effort to change the zoning failed after a long battle, but, despite the regulations, various business firms just moved in and converted houses to offices without permission. The Residents' Association kept on reporting them to the Dublin Corporation Planning Department, but despite their efforts few firms have been moved out. This has encouraged others to move in, or to seek permission to change from residential to office use. The sites are much sought after, being close to the city, in amenity provided streets, and having gardens often in the region of 4,000 sq. ft. This type of site if in office use could easily produce £6,000 per year if developed as a new block. The profit would be greater if several sites could be joined together. Because the Residents' Association and Dublin Corporation were so determined, a lot of potential developers were warned off. Further comfort came with the 1969 Housing Act which prevented change of use without the consent of the Housing Department. To get this approval, compensation for the loss of housing units had to be made or a sum given instead to the Housing Fund.

Mr. Sean MacEntee has lived with his family in No. 9 Leeson Park for about 34 years. His detached house stands on a third of an acre. With the permitted density, there could be about eight flats on the site, but this would mean a new block, or adding to the existing 1850 house. Last November, Mr. MacEntee applied to Dublin Corporation for "change of user" permission, i.e. that, despite the zoning restrictions, he might be allowed to convert his house into offices. The permission was refused and Mr. MacEntee appealed the decision to the Minister for Local Government. The appeal was heard early in 1971 and it was only after the Dail rose for the recess that Mr. Robert Molloy announced his decision: the Corporation ruling and the zoning restrictions are to be set aside and Mr. MacEntee is to be allowed to convert No. 9 Leeson Park to offices. By virtue of this decision, the value of Mr. MacEntee's property is increased by about £20,000.

Residents of Belfast will be particularly interested in the generous treatment of the Belfast-born MacEntee. In fact there seems to be no end to the manifestation of the State's generosity to this 82-year-old son of the North. He is already in receipt of a 1916 pension; a T.D.'s pension, a Minister's pension; even an old age pension. Two months ago he was nominated by the Minister for Finance to the Board of Irish Life Assurance —a sinecure which will add £500 p.a. to his hard-pressed purse. And now the final favour from the desk of the same ministry which he occupied 30 years ago. Coming as it does in the self same week that the Taoiseach has called for the abolition of Stormont—what have the members of that legislature to fear? If they all be as generously treated in their retirement as is the octogenarian MacEntee, why should they complain?

But what of the residents of Leeson Park? Are they all now to be allowed to participate in a property bonanza? Does the Corporation Planning Department have any function anymore? Is there any point in having people submit plans, etc., for detail consideration and possible rejection for even kitchen extensions, when others just send in a site map, apply and are refused, and then employ Senior Counsel, architects, planners and valuers to fight their cases out in the Custom House and with the Minister? And what of the local Residents' Association which has opposed this case and others in defence of the established zoning laws? Would action now on their part leave them open for prosecution under the new Forcible Entry Bill?

Meanwhile back at No. 9, Mr. MacEntee cannot be without his worries. On the short-term, the poor man must now face the inconvenience of moving house, but looking further ahead he cannot ignore his now greater liability to death duties. But perhaps, perhaps, the Minister for Finance might see his way to . . . after all, there are always exceptions.

WE ARE now returning to our fortnightly schedule. The next issue of Hibernia will be published on September 10th.

Diary of the Year

Wednesday, August 4th: Amid protests and a Labour Party walk-out, the Government passed the Prohibition of Forcible Entry Bill by 68 votes to 48. The Minister for Agriculture, Mr. Gibbons, and Chief Superintendent John Fleming failed to attend the Dail £100,000 inquiry to be cross-examined by Captain James Kelly. The Government announced that it would raise a £20 million loan on the London Market.

Thursday, August 5th: The British Shadow Home Secretary, James Callahan, called for the establishment of a Council of Ireland and tripartite talks between the three Prime Ministers concerned with the North. The Northern Prime Minister, Mr. Faulkner, and the G.O.C. General Sir Harry Tuzo, had secret talks in London with Mr. Heath and his Cabinet. An extra 1,000 British troops are sent to the North.

Friday, August 6th: Mr. Lynch demands that Britain stop the Apprentice Boys' March in Derry on the 12th. A spokesman for Mr. Faulkner explained that the Northern P.M. would not be keen to join tripartite talks in London in October. More troops arrive in North to bring total to 11,900.

Saturday, August 7th: 28-year-old Mr. Harry Thornton was mistakely killed by a British soldier when Mr. Thornton's car backfired. Rioting broke out and continued throughout the day, almost eighty shots being fired. Thomas MacGiolla, President of Sinn Fein (Gardiner Place) announces that the newly registered party will contest 4 or 5 seats at most, in the next General Election.

Sunday, August 8th: Riots continued as a result of the killing of Harry Thornton. Two hundred youths attack the Springfield Road R.U.C. Station. A British soldier is injured by sniper fire in the Ardoyne.

Monday, August 9th: 2.00 a.m.—British soldier shot by sniper on Sunday, dies. 4.00 a.m. — British troops begin massive sweep, arresting about 300 men throughout the North. Mr. Faulkner announces the introduction of "internment without trial" under Section 12 of the Special Powers Act, and the banning of all traditional parades for six months. During the day at least twelve people die on the streets including two women, a Catholic priest, a British soldier, two youths and a member of the Ulster Defence Regiment. At least 140 houses in Belfast are set on fire, the Rev. Ian Paisley's Church in Bambridge is destroyed, rioting and arson breaks out in Derry, Newry, Crossmaglen. Both Catholics and Protestants allege intimidation and there is evidence that in Farringdon Gardens some evacuees have burnt their own houses. The Taoiseach announces the opening of five Army camps for dependents of internees and refugees from the North, and calls the internment move "deplorable evidence of the poverty of Stormont's policies." The Labour Party condemns internment, Fine Gael calls for international supervision from the Red Cross, Amnesty and the International Commission of Jurists to supervise the exercise of emergency powers.

Tuesday, August 10th: Fighting continues in the Falls and Ardoyne areas of Belfast and the death toll rises to 17. There were explosions throughout Belfast and in Derry and Newry and barricades were erected in Catholic areas of Belfast. Mr. Lynch, Dr. Hillery and Mr. Colley met a deputation of Northern Ireland M.P.s in Dublin. The English Prime Mniister, Mr. Heath, continued his yacht race, which brought him within four miles of the Irish coast. Dr. Hillery flew to London to meet Mr. Maudling the following day. The 300 men detained under the Special Powers Act, which includes members of the executive of Civil Rights, and members of People's Democracy, including Michael Farrell, have been moved to Magilligan army camp on the banks of the Foyle. Seven hundred and fifty refugees have crossed to the South.

Wednesday, August 11th: Another six people died from gunshot wounds; three during gun battles with the British Army, the others from unidentified sniper fire. Seventy of the three hundred men detained have been released, many complaining of brutality by British soldiers. Mr. Faulkner denied that there were Protestant gunmen on the streets.

Thursday, August 12th: The death toll rose to 23 when a man who was injured by gunfire in the Ardoyne on Tuesday, died. Belfast had its quietest day since the outbreak of violence. At least 6,000 people are staying in refugee camps in the South; a few hundred who returned to Belfast complained of primitive conditions at the Gormanston camp. After a day-long Cabinet meeting in Dublin, Jack Lynch, at a press conference called for the abolition of the Stormont Regime and the replacement with a new administration that would give equal representation to the minority in the North. Mr. Faulkner's inital reaction was that he found that neither the tone nor the context of Mr. Lynch's speech was helpful to the present situation.

Friday, August 13: Mr. Faulkner accused Mr. Lynch and the Irish Government of "cant and hypocrisy" in a reply to Mr. Lynch's call for the adolition of Stormont. At a secret press conference in Belfast, attended by Paddy Kennedy, M.P., and John Kelly, formerly of the Belfast C.D.C., a Provisional leader, Mr. Joe Cahill, announced that supplies of ammunition were scarce, but contradicted the British Army assertion that many I.R.A. personnel had been interned.

Saturday, August 14th: A British soldier of the Green Howards was shot dead, bringing the British Army fatalities for the week to three, and for the year, to thirteen.

Sunday, August 15th: A member of the R.U.C. was captured by a crowd as he visited relatives in the Bogside. Opposition M.P.s, including the six S.D.L.P. members, and three Nationalists announced the start of a campaign of civil disobedience in Northern Ireland including a complete withdrawal of all payments of rent and rates to public authorities. The campaign is to continue till the last of the internees is released,

Monday, August 16th: A one-day strike took place in Derry, where business came to a virtual standstill. C.S. Gas and rubber bullets were fired at a crowd in Coalisland, during a meeting to inaugurate the civil disobedience campaign in the North.

Tuesday, August 17th: An announcement from Whitehall said that British Foreign Secretary, Sir Alec Douglas Home, and Defence Secretary, Lord Carrington, will join in the talks with Mr. Heath and Mr. Faulkner, on the 18th and 19th. Mr. Lynch met Mr. Cosgrave and Mr. Corish separately today, but refused to comment on the meeting. Mr. Corish expressed himself to be unhappy with the discussion.

Wednesday, August 18th: Fighting breaks out in Derry when the British Army attempted to dismantle barricades, one man was shot dead. John Hume and Ivan Cooper of the S.D.L.P. were arrested and charged under the Special Powers Act. A 24-year-old deaf mute was shot dead by the British Army in Strabane. In Belfast, 24 Catholic U.D.R. men announced their resignations.

Thursday, August 19th: Mr. Faulkner ended his talks with Mr. Heath at Chequers and returned to Northern Ireland. He was assured that there would be no change in Northern Ireland's constitutional position. Mr. Lynch telegrammed Mr. Heath, calling for an end to internment, and threatened that in the event of a continuation of attempts at a military solution, the Irish Government would support the policy of passive resistance now being pursued in the North. In a T.V. address at 10.00 p.m. Mr. Heath rejected all of Mr. Lynch's proposals calling the Taoiseach's message "unjustified" and "unacceptable."

Friday, August 20th: Mr. Lynch issued a statement regretting the British Prime Minister's interpretation of his previous telegram, and reiterated the traditional claim of a United Ireland. The G.O.C. Sir Henry Tuzo travelled to Derry to meet Catholic leaders who have resigned from public office.

Saturday, August 21st: The telephone exchange in Armagh, was damaged by an explosion. It was anounced that an inquiry would be set up, at the request of the G.O.C. to investigate allegations of torture to internees. The Provisional I.R.A. held a conference in Monaghan, to elect a council which would organise the formation of a parliament for the nine counties of Ulster.

Sunday, August 22nd: Among the daily explosions in Belfast was one which wrecked the gates of Crumlin Road prison, injuring two prison officers and two internees.

Monday, August 23: Mr. Lynch accompanied by four Ministers met 16 Stormont opposition Senators and M.P.s. A British Army soldier was killed by sniper fire in Belfast, the fourteenth this year.

Tuesday, August 24th: Mr. Faulkner in a statement defended internment, and called for co-operation with opposition parties. Seven men were released from the Maidstone.

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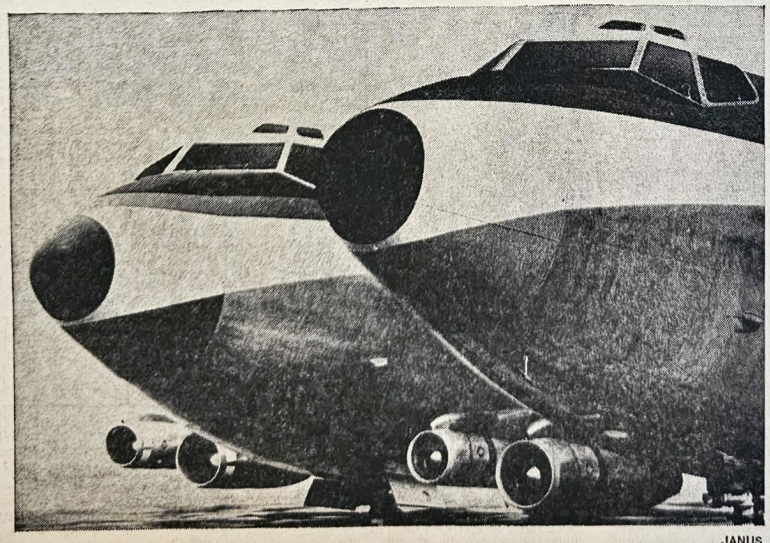


JANUS

Art Cinema Music Theatre

A CRUCIAL CHOICE

FOR THE first time in its history, the National Theatre Society Ltd., the State-subsidised private company which controls the Abbey Theatre, has advertised in the national press (and in England in the 'posh Sundays' as Jimmy Porter called them) for an artistic director, who is to succeed Professor Hugh Hunt.

This new departure is to be welcomed for a variety of reasons. It will in fact be only the second time that the Abbey will have had an artistic director as such. Professor Hunt's two predecessors, Tomas McAnna and Alan Simpson, though charged with the same duties, were known as *advisors*, a small but important difference. Again, though the advertisement does not specify that the post is full-time, it is likely though not certain that the Abbey Board of Directors will by now have appreciated the difficulty and strain imposed on Hugh Hunt, who continued as Professor of Drama at Manchester University and commuted to Dublin for board meetings. A third point to welcome is that the advertisement suggests that the post be of three years' duration, very important in the context of the Abbey which has had three artistic administrators in the last four years.

It would be very satisfying indeed if we could point to even a small handful of local talent which might be considered to be in the running for the new job. Regrettably this is not the case, but perhaps it would require an outsider, unconnected with the present régime, to bring about the long-overdue shake up. The English theatre is enjoying one of its most healthy periods at the moment and there are quite a few directors of provincial reps (whatever happened to John Neville, ex-Nottingham ?) who would be suitable. If the job does go to an English director is it too much to ask that the Abbey think of more than the immediate future, and begin to groom a few young Irish directors, who in years to come might compete on an equal footing with the best of the international talents ?

The advertisement does however resurrect two main criticisms of Abbey policy: the process of selection which will be used to appoint the new artistic director, and the system of administration in the Abbey which will almost certainly limit the effectiveness of the new appointment.

Although the Abbey theatre has a board of directors, a panel of shareholders, and a Players Council, it is only the five-man board, who are representative of nothing or none in particular, assisted by the present incumbent, who will choose the new artistic director.

In English State repetory companies the board of directors or trustees appoint the artistic director, but that is usually the extent of their practical involvement in the day-to-day artistic administration of the theatre. In many East European countries, the artistic director is elected by the actors, or the company as a whole. Though the shareholders themselves can hardly be called a representative body, it might help if they were given some say in the appointment. Under the present system they are as a matter of courtesy, merely the first to be informed. Why also shouldn't the Abbey actors and producers participate at some stage in the selection process ? Or more to the point, who haven't the actors demanded participation for themselves.

But a much more serious criticism is that given the present system of management in the Abbey, the selection of an artistic director, *any* artistic director, is in danger of being nothing more than an elaborate piece of window-dressing. In the past the Board of Directors have shown themselves to be paranoically involved with every aspect of the Abbey's work. What then is the point of choosing one man to be artistic director when there are five others so desperately busy doing his job ? A limitation of the power of the board, and at the same time an increase in the involvement of the actors, producers, backstage staff, and needless to say, the artistic director, should be the first priority.

The choice of artistic director is an important one; but before the board makes that choice, they will need to take a much more crucial decision. In early October one of the members of the board completes his three-year term. He may then offer himself for re-election, to be decided by the other four members of the board, who in turn have been re-elected by each in successive years for the past few decades. It is this meeting, this decision which will indicate whether the Abbey can look forward to an efficient and effective artistic director, or merely a mouthpiece and fall-guy for the men upstairs.

Terry Kelleher

Joanna Shimkus, who stars in "The Virgin and The Gypsy" (Savoy).

Cinema

VIRGIN LOVE

Conor Sweeney

IN VIEW of D. H. Lawrence's running battle with censorship all through his life it is only appropriate that the films made from his writings should also play their part in establishing the age of permissiveness. When Jerry Wald, surprisingly made a film of "Sons and Lovers" in 1960 he was smart enough to include in the first cut a rather torrid bedroom scene : he guessed, rightly, that the censors would insist on eliminating this, and then be willing not to tamper with the rest of the film. Some five years earlier the French producer of commercial films, Marc Allegret, made a version of "Lady Chatterley's Lover." I was unaware of the existence of this film until Fr. George Fleeton, S.J., writing from Paris, brought it to my attention after reading a review of "Women in Love" in *Hibernia*. This French-made version provided the occasion for a landmark Supreme Court decision in the United States which declared that a film could not be banned merely because it advocated unpopular ideas, e.g. that under certain circumstances adultery might be condoned. In 1968 Raymond Stross's film adaptation of "The Fox" ran into censorship trouble because it offered what was possibly the first, frank, detailed study of lesbianism in a film made for the general distribution circuits.

The following year Ken Russell's "Women in Love" took the fight against censorship even further. Apart from the female nudity scenes, at this stage almost *de rigeur*, there was a long sequence in which the two male leads wrestled in the nude. This seemed shocking at first impact, but then became weirdly beautiful and fully in keeping with the theme and style of Lawrence's novel. Our Censor dealt fairly harshly with the film, clipping several minutes from it, but much more annoying was the private censoring of many more minutes allegedly perpetrated by the Irish distributors.

Much more interesting than the censorship problems raised by "Women in Love" was the adaptation issue raised by that redoubtable Lawrentian champion, F. R. Leavis. Commenting scathingly on Russell's film as "an obscene undertaking" he went on to make the point : "No one who had any inkling of the kind of thing the novel is, or how the "significance" of a great work of literature is conveyed, or what kind of thing significance is, could lend himself to such an outrage." Although my own opinion is that rarely has a great novel been brought to the screen more lovingly and more aesthetically satisfying than "Women in Love." I can see that Leavis has grounds for complaint even if he overstates his case for the protection of great writers when they are dead. The issue come up again, but on this occasion not so obtrusively, in Christopher Miles's film of **The Virgin and the Gypsy** (Savoy), the last important novella to be published in Lawrence's lifetime.

Inevitably it will be compared with "Women in Love." Both films are concerned with woman's search for sexual liberation and both are heavily mined with Lawrentian puritanism disguised as sexuality. With this important and basic difference—"Women in Love" approximates to a kind of sexual fantasy, whereas "**The Virgin and the Gypsy** is nearer to a romantic dream. the restless longings that are the bane of adolescence and the hoped-for liberation that sets them free. The story concerns two sisters, Yvette and Lucille, who return from finishing school in France to the grey-stone country rectory that seems "almost sordid, with the dank air of that middle-class, degenerated comfort which has ceased to be comfortable and has turned stuffy, unclean." In this prison the outwardly respectable and morally stable family has gone stagnant, now maintained by fear of life, furtive self-love and love of power.

One of the girls, Lucille, slowly adopts to the way of life in the dreary parsonage where the uncharitable father presiding over dinner of leathery meat and watery cabbage, the ineffectual randy uncle and the monstrous harridan of an aunt, the Mater, slobbering and belching over meals, and the vindictive Aunt Cissie nibbling her solitary potato, combine to burnish their hatred of the girls' mother who had the good sense to run away with another man. The other girl, Yvette, restless and dissatisfied, wanders aimlessly around until she meets the Gypsy, who arouses her sexuality, and the emancipated couple living in sin nearby. The catalyst is the sudden flood that overwhelms the rectory, drowns the Mater and imprisons Yvette in an upstairs room. She is saved by the Gypsy, who makes love to her and then disappears. Finally, Yvette goes away to freedom with the emancipated neighbours.

Christopher Miles's direction of the film is admirably muted, unsensational and thoughtful, with a minimum of fuss, and he goes far to render in filmic terms the symbolic claustrophobia of the novel and the reverbations of Lawrence's prose. But Alan Plater's script tends to emphasise and point up what Lawrence preferred to leave vague and unsettled. Thus the film is forced into giving a definitive solution to the problems of Yvette's virginity and her attitude to the Gypsy which is clearly ambivalent in the book: "With one self, she vastly loved him. With many selves she ignored him or had a distaste for him." Lawrence ended his story on a decidedly ironic note. After being saved from the flood Yvette received an illiterate missive from the Gypsy that ended: "Your odbt servant Joe Boswell." And the story ends : "And only then she realised that he had a name." The film alters Lawrence's resigned acceptance of the power of the status quo into a muted shout of freedom. The casting of the family monsters is excellent, and Franco Nero as the Gypsy and Joanna Shimkus as Yvette give fine performances.

Arts Diary, Aug. 27th.—Sept. 9th

Cinema

Academy: "The Things of Life and Futtock's End". Next presentation, John Cassavetes "Husbands".

Adelphi 1: "Ryan's Daughter", directed by David Lean, with Robert Mitchum and Sarah Miles.

Adelphi 2: "Ja Ja Mein General" with Jerry Lewis. **Adelphi 3:** "A Taste of Honey".

Ambassador: "Love Story", from the novel by Erich Segal.

Curzon: "Lovers and Other Strangers". Strongly recommended.

Corinthian: "Countess Dracula".

International: "Island of Sin" and "Shindo's Lost Sex".

Metropole: "The Aristocats".

Plaza: "The Sound of Music", directed by Robert Wise.

Regent: Bryan Forbe's "The Raging Moon," starring Nannette Newman.

Savoy 1: "Soldier Blue", directed by Ralph Nelson, with Candice Bergen.

Savoy 2: "The Virgin and the Gypsy",

Superama: Dustin Hoffman in "Little Big Man", directed by Arthur Penn with Faye Dunnaway.

Player Wills: August 31st and September 10th, Fischer's "Ludwig Van Beethoven".

Music

27th: St. Francis Xavier Hall — R.T.E. Light Orchestra, Bernadette Greevy (contralto) and Brian O'Rourke (clarinet). "Music From The Movies". Conductor, Colman Pearce.

28th: Project — "Supply, Demand and Curve", 3.00 p.m.

29th: Castletown House — Irish Brass Ensemble. Music by Addison, Harowitz.

31st: Project. Evening Dara O'Lochlainn's Jazzberry Jam Band.

1st Sept.: St. Francis Xavier Hall. The Burt Bacharach Song Book. RTE Light Orchestra, R T E Singers, conducted by Robert Murphy.

2nd: St. Ann's, Dawson Street, 1.10 p.m. William Watson, organ.

3rd: Player-Wills. Balint Vazsonyi plays Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann.

4th: Project. Supply Demand and Curve, lunchtime.

5th: Christ Church Cathedral. Irish Music and Poetry. Limeirck Training College. 8.15. Balint Vazsonyi.

8th: Cavan, Loreto College. 8.30 N.I.C.O.

10th: St. Francis Xavier Hall. R.T.E.S.O. Josef Csibi, trumpet; conductor Colman Pearce. Dvorak, Addison, Beethoven.

11th: T.C.D. Exam Hall, 8 p.m. N.I.C.O.

14th: St. Francis Xavier Hall. RTESO conducted by Colin Block. Mozart, Brahms.

17th: St. Francis Xavier Hall. RTESO. Conducted by Albert Rosen. Philip Martin, Piano.

18th & 19th: RDS. Alan Price, Georgie Fame, Stud, Brewers Droop, Alice, Horslips, Ditch Cassidy & Gypsy Rock.

Art

Davis Gallery: Handthrown stoneware by Peter & Helena Brennon, and Batiks by Bernadette Madden.

Project: Enamel paintings and sculpture by Marianne and Patrick McElroy.

Muncipal Gallery, Limerick: Exhibition of paintings from the Arts Council Collection.

Arts Council Gallery, Belfast: Italian Paintings, exhibition previously seen in David Hendriks Gallery.

National Gallery: Irish Exhibition of Living Art.

Exhibition Hall, T.C.D.: British and American Pop Art.

Municipal Gallery: Paintings, Sculptures, Kinetics from J.P.A.C.E. Studios, in London.

Barrenhill Gallery: Group show.

Kenny Gallery, Galway: Paintings by Alexandra Wejchert.

The Studio, Carraroe: Paintings by Charles Lamb.

Castletown: Paintings in Irish houses by Michael Farrell.

Theatre

Gaiety: Maureen Potter in Gaels of Laughter.

Olympia: Jack Cruise in The Jack and White Ministrel Show.

Abbey: Today The Bullfinch by Jack White directed by Lousi Lentin.

Peacock: The Sound of the Gong. Opening 30th August — Ullyses in Nighttown.

Eblana: A Scent of Flowers, by James Saunders. Next production, new play by Kevin Laffan.

Lantern: 2 off-Broadway plays — Just Keep Listening and When The Wine is Cold. By John Kendrick.

Gas Co.: Big Maggie, by John B. Keane.

Lyric, Belfast: John Bull's Other Island, by G. B. Shaw.

Focus: Sunday night improvisations.

Gate: Oscar Wilde's The Importance of Being Ernest, directed by Hilton Edwards.

City Theatre, Limerick: Festival of Irish Theatre.

Nuala Hayes, Philip O'Flynn and Michael Duffy in Jack White's "Today The Bullfinch" at the Abbey.

WE ARE NOT AMUSED

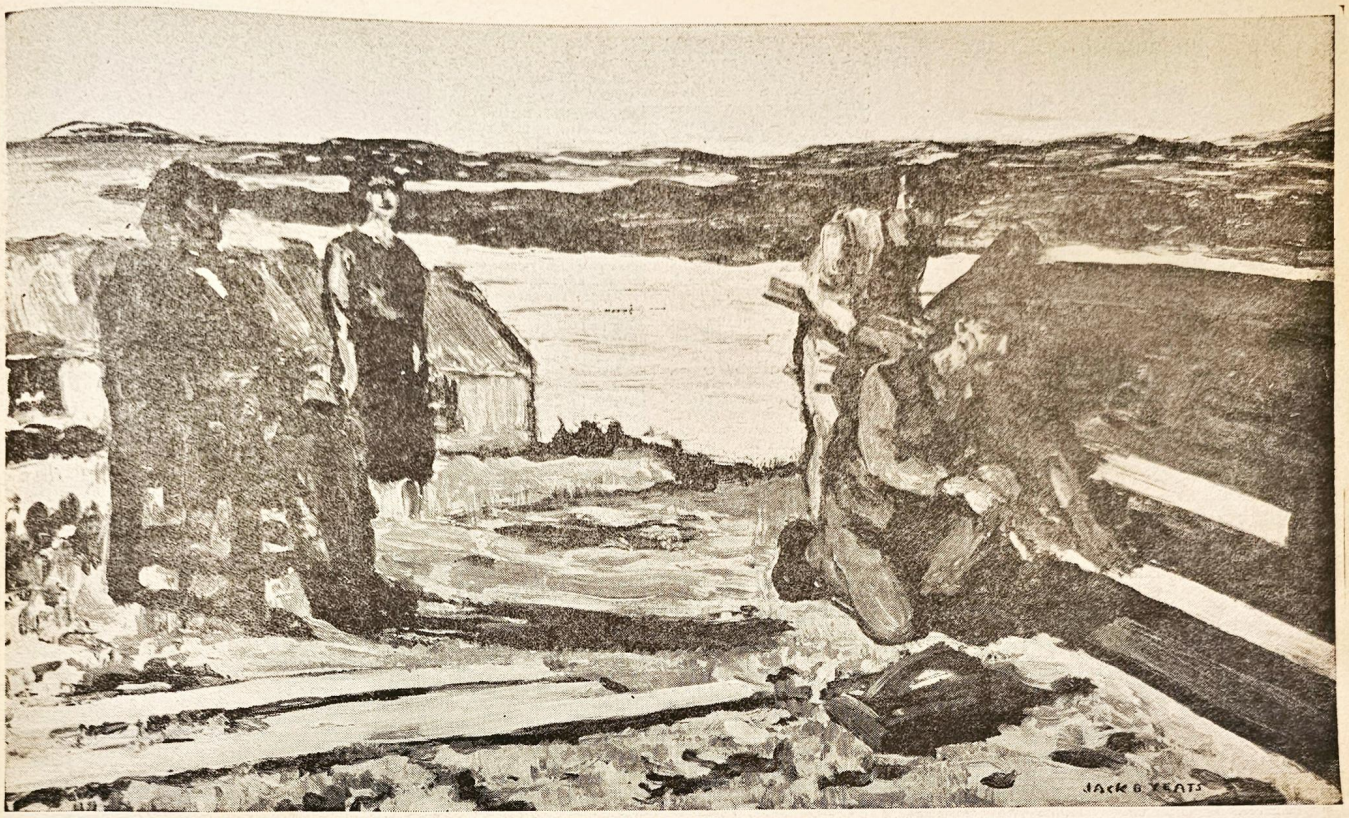
Mary Manning

THE SCENT OF FLOWERS, by James Saunders, currently playing at the Eblana could also be described as the smell of corn. It is, in fact, a pretentiously dressed up soap opera and a strange choice for Amalgamated Artists who, I must say, seldom make mistakes. It reminded me of those great soap opera classics which enliven the afternoons of jaded housewives in the U.S.A., "The Secret Storm" and "As the World Turns." In these endless sagas which go on for years, everything dreadful happens, everyone is misunderstood and nobody communicates. Beautiful young girls take sleeping pills once weekly and, of course, recover, because the show must go on. The three acts of "The Scent of Flowers" is a post mortem which takes place in a funeral parlour or what Joyce described as a funforall. Through a series of flashbacks, monologues, dialogues and trios we eventually learn what made Zoe the beautiful corpse, do away with herself. We learn of her father's divorce, we see and hear her wicked stepmother "full of understanding but without love"; her peculiar randy old uncle who wheels his one hundred-year-old mother around in an invalid chair, thoughtfully supplied by the Irish Wheelchair Association; her stepbrother a gorgeous fellow studying to be an engineer; an undertaker in a Dickensian top hat with two comic assistants; her father a pukka sahib type who does little but twitch his moustache; an extremely depressing priest who becomes a common scold in the confessional. All these mean people, except the brother who isn't mean (and we never see the meanest that seducing University lecturer) drive poor wispy Zoe to her death. I was not surprised to learn from the programme note that: "James Saunders began writing for radio in the early nineteen fifties and then under the direct stylistic influence of Ionesco and Beckett he wrote a number of one-act plays for the stage." This influence I fear is only too evident. The play was suitably enough directed at a funeral pace, and the acting was painfully uneven. Dearbhla Molloy saved the evening: She managed to lend some credence to Zoe's character with her obvious sincerity and lovely *speaking* face. Derek Young was impressive as the priest and the undertaker, doubling for both.

I happen to be a fan of Des Nealon's, so I was naturally disappointed to see him figure in this production as a man with a load of whimsy. No actor could survive those fairy tales! The other actors seemed, on the first night at any rate, to be most unhappy. It must be said in all fairness that if the play had been given a full scale professional production in a *larger* theatre it might have been more convincing. It is hard to preserve a ghostly atmosphere with the audience in your lap, so to speak. And an audience largely composed of fat ladies eating chocolates!

An Abbey Theatre first night of a new play is always a happy occasion. Possibly the blessed relief from Behan, Synge and O'Casey brings out the best in us. There was a packed house for the first night of James White's "Today the Bullfinch," and there was much applause at the end from an enthusiastic audience. Why then when the curtain fell did I slap my forehead and murmur in broken English "Wha' happened?" How could a play efficiently, in fact brilliantly directed and with only two exceptions beautifully acted, fail to anger, move, or except with a few bright intervals, really amuse us. The theme is timely—the takeover of Mankind by a heartless and ruthless use of technology in short with Global suicide. It is basically a frightening and tragic theme. The answer is of course Mr. White chose the wrong form in which to convey his message. It was as if a Wagnerian theme had been tacked on to a puff-paste operetta and naturally it didn't work. There is nothing funny about the extinction of beautiful animals and birds; the despoiling of landscape, the almost total corruption of the master builders; the greedy drive for the quick dollar and the ruthless search for oil at a massive cost in human lives and suffering. Nothing funny any more. Miss Hanna in her lonely brave effort to protect the bullfinch from extinction, beautifully played by Joan O'Hara, and incidentally the real heroine of the evening, is not a figure of fun. The two villians—Loder the PR man and his master, Crawthumper, the capitalist exploiter, are *real* villains and in their enormous dishonesty satanic. "Oh What A Lovely War" and "Dr. Strangelove" dealt with the horrors and stupidities of War, and the form used to express a deep revulsion and disgust was black satire. Behind and throughout the clowning we hear the mournful cries of millions of young men sacrificed for something or other or to keep somebody safe from something. James White, a sensitive man and one who fully recognising the horrors we face, shied away from the dark side and seemed to give us only a humorous and cynical acceptance. He can write witty dialogue, he is full of ideas, but if he is going to communicate these ideas convincingly he must cast away all frivolity and resist the temptation merely to amuse. He must dig fearlessly below the surface.

He was well served by the Abbey, no expense spared. However, two pieces of miscasting seriously unbalanced Mr. White's play. Crawthumper and Loder respectively totally failed to convey the ruthlessness and brutality of these men; the suave oily exteriors covering up the deep slimy meanness. I am afraid these roles demanded what Dublin has not got, a Sellers or an Alistair Sim. Loder and Crawthumper are not bluff chaps you meet at your local golf club. Indeed, Philip O'Flynn as Loder might have been a genial helpful social worker. Angela Newman was very amusing as Mrs. Crawthumper, but isn't it time the old cliche, dating back to Dinner At Eight, that all tycoons' wives are nymphomaniacs should be discarded when one sees the kindly good woman who run rehabilitation centres, help itinerants, espouse endless good causes and wear terrible hats, one knows instinctively that they are dowdy, boring and infinitely faithful. One cheering note — Bob Carlile, John Kavanagh and Desmond Cave are a valuable group of young actors who are growing with each major role they are given: they kept the production moving last night. James White will do better next time. He should re-read "A Modest Proposal."



The Boat Builder, 1922, by Jack B. Yeats.

FINE DAYS

Hilary Pyle

JACK B. YEATS, 29th August, 1871-28th March, 1957.

LIFE WAS THE essence of painting as far as Jack B. Yeats was concerned, and he hadn't any time for theories about art. "If it is true of anyone that they do not understand pictures," he said, "then they should be ashamed to own it; anyone would be ashamed to say: 'I suppose this is a fine day, but I don't know anything about days'."

His vision of life was rooted in the tradition he would have continued to love even if he had never taken a brush in his hand. The life and ways ways of the people of Sligo were a creative act in themselves to him: and, had he never become the great painter he did, the fact that he could transform the life of the West of Ireland into a convincing visual force marks him as a major influence in Irish painting of the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

Yeats had an advantage over other Ireland-inspired artists of his day in that he was naturally involved in the life he painted, the life of Sligo. His grandfather and his uncle ran a successful shipping business there, and he himself went to school with local children and mixed freely with local people and sailors. He didn't need to study their peculiarities. He knew their ways, and adopted many of them himself. He used Sligo turns of speech and walked with the ungainly roll of a man of the sea. He always bent his head slightly when he walked as if he was walking into the wind.

But fortunately for his genius he was just as much a city man as a countryman. He was equally at home in the more sophisticated intellectual world of his artist father in London and Dublin, and so there was no question of his being provincial in his attitudes. He could judge his subject-matter in terms of the aesthetic standards prevailing in both capitals. He was familiar with the kinds of art and the new ideas being introduced there, learnt what he needed from them, and appreciated or criticised with integrity what he saw.

Jack Yeats's paintings of Ireland thus opened up something new in the history of Irish art. He was painting a form of life with which he was thoroughly familiar, yet he was sufficiently cosmopolitan in his upbringing to be unsentimental in his attitudes.

That was about 1900, and his capacious view, which embraced every aspect of life in the West of Ireland, was readily admired and supported by his contemporaries in the literary field. At first other artists were untouched by this fresh viewpoint, which sprang from a realistic nationalism, that accepted the scoundrels as well as the saints and scholars. Nathaniel Hone continued with his Barbizon-type landscapes of the countryside about his home in Malahide, which had injected over - English - influenced Irish art with new life. Orpen and John were using Irish characters and landscapes in a symbolic way to counterbalance their more academic style of painting.

But it was not long before Yeats's impact was being felt among artists slightly younger in age. They usually trained in London and Paris, and were more in touch with prevailing continental ideas than Yeats who adhered to the English tradition and who had learnt from Degas through Sickert, rather than directly. Nevertheless, despite technical differences, his young contemporaries owed much to Yeats when it came to the treatment of subject-matter. During the second decade of this century there was a definite move among painters such as Paul Henry, Estella Solomons, Charles Lamb, Lilian Davidson, and even AE in his less airy moments, to paint genre scenes drawn from his life of the country they lived in. This group tendency to a new kind of realism paralleled that of the Camden Road School in England.

Very soon these artists were to develop, each in his own way, gravitating to academic or heroic manners, or into different media, Paul Henry recreating the unearthly beauty of the haunting backdrop scenery of Connemara in his personal fashion. Yeat's influence was not to be felt again until the middle forties.

The painting which really marked his greatness was something even his fellow artists found it hard to understand. Technically it differed little from his first and representational style of painting. He used the same paints and canvas, and the same colours as before, but applied pure colour to the canvas in brushstrokes that lay side by side, instead of mingling colours with one another. The tones were pure and fresh. The controlled descriptive style of his first manner had a genuine poetic lement lying beneath the realistic surface images, and this gradually worked free until he abandoned all attempt at disciplining it and let his impulse break loose into his inimitable style of expressionistic impressionism.

He exhibited so little new work between 1916 and 1922 that the paintings in his new manner took the viewing public and his fellow artists by surprise. It was ten years before it was truly believed that this could be art, and at that point Evie Hone and Mainie Jellet had returned from Paris to create further havoc in their native city with the theories they had adapted from Gleizes.

After this began a general movement to establish a school of modern painting, culminating in the foundation of the Irish Exhibition of Living Art in 1943. Now Yeats's influence began to be felt once again in a number of ways. His broad poetic treatment of figures and landscape gave a lead to the young Daniel O'Neill. Nano Reid shared his whimsical humour and ability to detect fantasy in ordinary events, and she still does. Like Yeats in his late manner she combines an economically planned palette with emphatic graphic detail.

Yeats's symbolic clown was developed gleefully by Gerard Dillon and became the core of Dillon's philosophy: and in Patrick Collins and Louis le Brocquy his enigmatic impressionist style found exponents of different kinds. Le Brocquy, whose development was very similar, though more limited in his range, may be looked upon as Yeats's successor in becoming the leading Irish artist of the fifties and early sixties.

All of these influences were oblique, however, because Yeats's genius was immensely diverse and peculiar to himself. Verbal poetry and literary and musical themes are inextricably bound up in his work, and no other Irish artist has inherited his astonishing breadth of outlook. Life fully experienced, life in freedom, was the root of his art.

He himself attributed the freedom of the artist to a background in a country that was totally free. Shattered by the political compromise in 1921 he refused to accept the image of an Ireland still in bondage, if only partly so, and set out to create for himself a panorama of the real Ireland he envisaged, peopled by rogues, martyrs and poets these were now individual types of humanity, and free individuals in a free world.

Looking back at Yeats's career now, on the centenary of his birth on 29th August, 1871, and at his place in the history of art, his situation may be compared most closely with that of the 19th century English genius, William Turner, who lived exactly a century before him. Both towered above their contemporaries in vision and capacity, yet both were so individualistic that they held little sway during their own times. Turner's late paintings were labelled "soapsuds," and Yeats's "chaos." Yet despite this misunderstanding that each experienced, each at the same time reflected the creative nature of the age which denounced him. Turner's restless explorative art most abundantly illustrated the growth of the romantic spirit of the 19th century: and, in the same way, Jack Yeats reflected the nationalism of his country in his painting, and carried it to its zenith, where, freed from political bonds, it could identify itself with an international spirit.

Yeats's greatness was that his art was visual expression of the spirit of the life of the age in which he lived. And that was what he wanted it to be.

Music

MUSINGS

Fanny Feehan

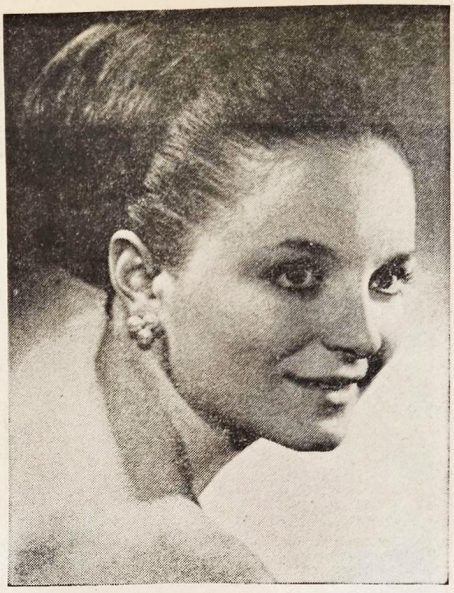
MANY years ago Simon Worstherne wrote an excellent article in the Cambridge Journal about Metastasio, in which he pointed out that the young poet was greatly influenced by G. B. Vico, then Professor of Rhetoric at Naples, 1699 to 1741. Others since have written that friends of Vico could never understand a word that he wrote, but P. J. Smith does not tell us just how much, in fact, Metastasio was influenced by Vico. I have read elsewhere that on one occasion when the young poet was brought to visit Vico that the worthy-learned man was astounded at the pearls of wisdom which fell from the youthful lips. In view of the fact that at the time of the visit Metastasio was only fourteen years old the astonishment is quite understandable.

Coleridge has said of Metastasio that the epitome of his art lay in the judicious use he made of the lead-up to the finale of each scene by gradual intensification of emotional stress until full force was reached in the concluding aria. People like Sismondi were quick to say that they were unable to judge the quality of the poetry without the accompanying music. Others were equally voluble in defence of Metastasio, and it is undeniable that no writer has equalled his output of no less than a thousand works set to music. The world of opera libretto is a ticklish one. Does the opera-goer want to hear the music or watch the drama, and which is more important? This is a question which has annoyed me for years. **The Tenth Muse** explores libretto and writers from the afore-mentioned Metastasio to Boito, Hofmannstahl, Berlioz and Jean Cocteau.

Metastasio and Dante were both poets who appealed to the imagination, using brilliant images as a stimulant. A composer faced with either of them must find himself in the role of the young composer who writes a new piano sonata and then finds that the critics go on and on about the pianist, with never a word about the sonata. How can the music complement the word without obscuring it? Berlioz was well ahead of his time, and was one of the most important composers as far as liberating the libretto went, especially in relation to French opera. Les Troyens is based on the Aeneid, and is a lyric tragedy, but with a Metastasian thread of opera seria running through it. Berlioz, of course, had an enormous advantage over other composers in that he wrote some of the best operatic verse of the 19th century.

Smith, I was glad to see, points out that Berlioz anticipated much of the mid-twentieth-century as well. The churning chorus of the demons in "La Damnation de Faust" is highly original and theatrically effective, as well as being a musical tour-de-force. Like Michael Angelo, Berlioz, with marvellous traces of humour and malice could not refrain from using this as a verbal and musical counterpart of Hell. In "Lelio," he anticipated Joyce, and, while most 19th-century critics asserted that Berlioz was mad and described Lelio as a farrago of nonsense, we see it as a co-habitor of the world of Joyce's *Ulysses*, and it certainly foreshadowed Schonberg's "Erwartung," which deals with the workings of the inner mind.

Wagner, undoubtedly, had a finer sense of drama than Berlioz, even if it was egomaniacal, but I agree with Smith when he says that Berlioz, as a librettist, amounts to something greater than Wagner in the sum of his works. That statement will, no doubt, give a few readers a rush of blood to the head. The pages which really came to life for me, however, were those devoted to Hofmannstahl and Strauss. Perhaps that is because I myself prefer the operas of Strauss to all others. Hofmannstahl's symbolism, and the fact that his writing is tempered with humour and irony, make an irresistible appeal. He endeavoured to put real people on the stage while placing them in interwining positions with the symbols they represented. The complexity of "Die Frau ohne Schatten," for instance, is always more than an excursion in the revelations of lust; he endeavours to explore the self-awareness of the protagonists. The dual theme of the sexual love of the Emperor and Empress vis-a-vis the mere animal affinity of Borak and his wife would daunt most composers, but Strauss with his sophisticated mind provided music which dovetailed perfectly. All Borak's music is straight-forward, while that of the Empress is written at a pitch and tessitura as to be almost vicious. This is a book worth reading carefully; it may not satisfy everyone, but it does set the mind foraging round. Always a good exercise.



Anne-Marie Blanzet, who will be making her first appearance at the Wexford Festival, playing Lisette in "La Rondine",

NEWS IN THE ARTS

Terry Kelleher

DERMOT BREEN, Director of the Cork Film Festival, returned from the Moscow Film Festival with the news that **Kozintsev's** film of King Lear will be shown at Cork. It is intended that there will be a special showing of King Lear for students only, as this play of Shakespeare's is on the Leaving Certificate course. You may remember that in 1968 the Council of the Cork Film Festival refused to accept any entry from Russia in protest against the invasion of Czechoslovakia. Mr. Breen states after explaining the attitude of the people of Ireland to this invasion of an independent country in the context of Irelnd's own fight for freedom, the Russians agreed to "let bygones be bygones."

To date there are only three likely local entries for the Cork Film Festival. They include Speed Easy, a 12½ min. documentary made by Film Consultants of Ireland for the Department of Local Government. The producer is **Tom Hayes**, directed by **Lelia Doolan**, photography by **Nick O'Neill** and music by **Noel Kelehan;** and Uisge Beatha, a short film sponsored by Irish Distillers Ltd., already shown privately in Dublin. The director of this one is **George Morrison** ("Mise Eire"), script by **Andrew Mulligan** (ex-Irish rugby international), and commentary spoken by **T. P. McKenna.**

It is possible that there may be another Irish entry for Cork. The **Joe McCarthy** Film Unit has made a short film in 16m. on a subject one would have thought to be exhausted now—**Brendan Behan's Dublin.** But this particular Behan film has one great addition: **Niall Toibin** moves through the film as Brendan, recreating in part his marvellous portrayal of Behan in "Borstal Boy."

The international Jury for the Cork Film Festival will include **Wolf Mankowitz,** now resident in West Cork; the well-known Polish expert on film-making, **Jerzy Bossak;** and the critic **John Gillett** representing Britain. The Irish representative on the jury is **Patrick Carey,** a splendid choice.

●

WHAT PROMISES to be the most successful pop festival to take place in Ireland to date, is scheduled for the 18th and 19th September. The organisers, Headland Action Ltd., announcing the "first professionally organised pop festival," are quite disparaging about other Irish pop festivals, and confidently predict that "this one will be trouble free and smoothly run." The most unusual aspect of this festival, apart from the high quality of artists who are booked to appear, is the venue chosen for the festival. For a weekend in September, the tranquility of that staid bastion of middle-class respectability, the Royal Dublin Society's showgrounds, will be shattered by the music of thousands of "heads" from Ireland's underground. It is very refreshing to see that the R.D.S. authorities are not possessed of the same myopic prejudice against youth in general and long hair in particular, which is still so wide-spread in Ireland. (Last week I myself was classified as a drug-taking subversive, merely on the grounds that my shiny black tresses peeped a few daring centimetres over my shirt collar, and was consequently refused a *coffee* at *lunchtime* in a pub in cosmopolitan Duke street—not the Baily or Davy Byrnes).

Perhaps the R.D.S. authorities understanding has something to do with the events of last February, when their halls were occupied by thousands of fanatical (and short-haired) Fianna Failers attending their latter-day Nuremburg rally. Contrast this to the charity concert last month, given by Scottish folk-singer **Donovan** —also in the R.D.S., and also organised by Headland, which was attended by three thousands young people and went off so peacefully.

Among the English groups and performers already signed up were **Alan Price, Georgie Fame, Manfred Mann** and his new Band, **Arthur Brown Kingdom Come. Tea and Symphony, Stud** (formerly Taste), and a new group with the intriguing name of **Brewers Droop.** The Irish groups include **Ditch Cassidy and Gypsy Rock, Mellow Candle, Alice** and, to my mind, the "Irish-group-most-likely-to-succeed-internationally," **Horslips.**

In addition to the groups, there will be a psychedelic light show by **Shamballagh,** the Dandelion Market will move from its usual space off Leeson street, and food will be served throughout the day. One of the most annoying things at Irish pop festival apart from the "beer heads" and "cider heads" is the inflated price for food and drink. This was particularly noticeable at the Ballyvaughan Peace Festival in July where the cost of a bottle of orange was double the shop price. However, the organisers in this case seem concerned to provide value for money. The Donovan concert cost 50p a head, and for the September festival, the first 1,000 tickets are priced at 60p with the rest at 80p. Very good value indeed.

●

A DOCTOR and a journalist are among the singers making their first appearance at the Wexford Festival this year. **Richard Barnard,** who will be appearing as Agenore in Il Re Pastore, was born in New South Wales, and while at Sydney University was a member of the Leonine Consort. After graduating in medicine he received a scholarship to the new opera school in Sydney, where he won the national Lieder competition in 1966. He worked his passage to Europe as a ship's surgeon, and studied at the Academy and Opera School in Vienna, and has performed at the Frankfurt Opera House as a lyric tenor for the past two years. Another singer making her first appearance at Wexford is New York-born **June Card,** who first worked as a journalist in the United States, and came to Europe via Broadway, where she appeared in the original production of The Sound Of Music. She is on contract to both opera houses in Munich and will be singing the rôle of Magda in **Puccini's** La Rondine. Also appearing in La Rondine is French-born **Anne - Marie Blanzat** as Lisette, who has sung recently at Geneva, Naples and Glyndebourne.

One of the busiest singers to appear at Wexford this year, playing Elisa in Il Re Postore, is **Norma Burrows** from Bangor, Co. Down. After graduating from Queen's in Belfast, she studied singing at the Royal Academy of Music in London. In the two years since she left the Academy she has been in constant demand, and following her very successful debut at Covent Garden last year, she appeared at the Glyndebourne Festival, and in the new production of Purcell's King Arthur, with the English opera group. This year she appeared with the Sadlers Wells Opera Company, and this month is taking the part of Blondchen in Il Seraglio at the Salzburg Festival.

●

THE ONLY IRISH participent at this year's Edinburgh Festival is yet another one-man show, this one under the title "The Foul Rag and Bone Shop," is performed and directed by **Robert Somerset,** and will be staged in the University Union each afternoon from August 31st to September 11th. The organisers of the Dublin Theatre Festival should study carefully the Edinburgh set-up. I am the first to admit that the money available for our theatre festival is ludicrously small compared to Edinburgh's £200,000, and the Scottish festival has the added advantage of a multi-arts platform, but whatever the difference, they at least have a festival, we have not.

Dublin poet **Hayden Murphy** will be assisting Bob Somerset, and both Murphy and **Peter Fallon** will be giving poetry-readings in Edinburgh.

"DIED ON SATURDAY morning on old Clare Street after a few hours illness, **Mr. Bryan Merriman**, teacher of mathematics." So ran the two-line obituary in *The General Advertiser and Limerick Gazette* in 1805, for Ireland's answer to **Robbie Burns.** Thanks to the efforts of a small band of Merriman devotees in Dublin and Clare, who have organised the Merriman Summer School for the last four years, the reputation of the author of "The Midnight Court" is again becoming known. The theme of this years schools, which runs from August 27th to September 3rd, is "The Vikings and Ireland," and will bring together the approaches of historians, archaeologists, linguists, literary scholars and folklorists. The school is bilingual, and the lectures are by leading Irish and European academics, including **Brendan O'Riordan** of the National Museum, **Dr. David Erkingsson** of Upsala University, **Olave Johansen, Professor David Greene** and **Dr. Maire de Paor.**

But based as it is in Kilkee, Clare's renowned watering place, it is likely that the scholarship will be interrupted by some Merriman-like activities. As the poet himself said:

"Clouds will break and skies will heighten,
Mountains bloom and spirits lighten
And men and women praise your might
You who restore the old delight."

LAST WEEK while in Belfast I paid a fleeting visit to the site of Ulster '71. Quite unlike other Expos and Trade Fairs around the world, this exhibition was quiet, relaxing — and completely devoid of visitors. It reminded me of a scene from a Fellini film. Incidentally, did you know that Belfast is the safest city in Europe in which to have a heart-attack? Comforting thought.

Hibernia Review of Books

THE HUMAN CONDITION

John Jordan

IN SPAIN last month when one daily perused the Spanish papers and weekly the illustrated magazines for information about the Northern horror (and one found it in convincing if understandably smug detail), the only fiction I read was Andre Malraux's great and terrible novel of 1933, *La Condition Humaine*. For the benefit of younger readers who may know Malraux only as a Gaullist minister who, particularly during the May-June Paris riots of 1968, behaved as might any Right-wing politician, it may be well to recall that for some thirty years he was a man of the Left, though there is no evidence of him ever having been a Communist Party member. One of his finest novels is *L'Espoir* (1937) about the Spanish War in which he served with courage and honour on the side of the Republic. And this is an important point about Malraux; almost all of his novels were written out of direct personal experience, sometimes out of passionate and dangerous involvement in the events concerned. No one could ever accuse this great writer of armchair polemic. If he was for years a fellow-traveller, no one can deny that he travelled.

La Condition Humaine is based on his experience of the initial stages of the Chinese Revolution in 1927. At that time the hopes of some four hundred million Chinese lay in the revolutionary grouping known as the Kuomintang, comprised of native Communist forces in alliance, albeit an uneasy one, with the Russian Comintern, and the forces of Chiang Kai-Shek who, ironically, was at the time on close terms with the Russians. In the event, Chiang brutally betrayed the Chinese Communists in the interest of the bourgeoisie and foreign commercial rapacity. That is the historical background. But the major interest in the book lies in the effect on individual destinies of a concatenation of historical circumstances. There is scarcely a single forgettable character in the book. But as I read it in the blaze of a Spanish summer, the fate of one character especially wrenched my heart, that of the youngest protagonist, Tchen, who even among his comrades is known as a 'terrorist'. But Tchen wears his *rue* with a difference. He has abandoned his native and inculcated faiths, but killing for him—or rather political assassination undertaken as a personal and desperately lonely enterprise—leads him through all the stages of metaphysical anguish. At first, but well after the event, he can conclude, 'Nothing was more simple than to kill.' Later he becomes obsessed with the notion of killing Chiang Kai-Shek and by now he can accept the necessity, in fact the desirability, of his own death, in the accomplishment of his task. He fails twice and then, to avoid being taken alive, shoots himself.

Tchen is not the only tragic idealist in the book. But if there be such a thing as a tragic terrorist, he has been made one by the murderous tyranny of diabolically selfish or invincibly stupid men.

PROUST OVERTAKEN BY TIME

Monk Gibbon

MARCEL PROUST 1871-1922. A Centenary Volume, edited by Peter Quennell. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.25.

BEFORE WRITERS discuss Proust they should be asked to take a vow not to mention the madeleine dipped in tea. It has become to critics almost what King Charles's head was to poor Mr. Dick, and I shall not waste my energy compiling a tally of the number of allusions to it in the eleven admirable essays, by different authors, which are to be found in *Marcel Proust, -21--1922, A Centenary Volume, edited by Peter Quennell*. But I have not taken the vow; and I have mentioned the madeleine; and this makes it a convenient moment to raise the question of whether Proust's whole theory of involuntary memory may not have been derived from, or at least connected with, something which he had once read in *Modern Painters*. There his hero, Ruskin writes:

"Association is of two kinds, Rational and Accidental. . . . By Accidental Association, I understand the accidental connection of ideas and memories with material things, owing to which those material things are regarded as agreeable or otherwise, according to the nature of the feelings or recollections they summon; the association being commonly involuntary and often so vague as that no distinct image is suggested by the object, but we feel a painfulness in it or pleasure from it without knowing wherefore. Of this operation of the mind (which is that of which I spoke as causing inextricable embarrassments on the subject of beauty) the experience is constant, so that its more energetic manifestations require no illustration. But I do not think that the minor degrees and shades of this great influence have been sufficiently appreciated."

This is not quite Proust's doctrine of evocation, but it contains something very like the germ of it; and we know that he steeped himself in the writings of Ruskin at one time. Proust's greatness as a writer is not tied to a particular contention. Involuntary memory was invaluable to someone as discursive as he was, anxious to excuse the verbal flash-back, and who also wished to make the point, endorsed by so many poets and by at least a few philosophers, that the really significant moments in life are few and that they are quintessential and can almost be said to lie outside time. Everything else leads towards them or away from them; but is trivial by comparison. They are the moments that really matter; and the reward is that of retrospective self-realisation. Such a definition of life's purpose is hardly applicable to the ordinary man, although it has its implications for him. But it is immediately apparent to an artist of any sort. It is not merely evident, but it is in large measure the *apologia pro vita sua*.

In his excellent introduction, Peter Quennell summarises the essential facts about Proust and his great novel. I have only one quarrel with him, an almost slighting reference to a book which I regard as above criticism.

"Eugène Fromentin's novel Domenique, *despite the marvellous passages which Fromentin devotes to flowers and trees and the flocks of migratory birds that swept high over his family house at La Rochelle, lacks any solid human characters."*

That depends upon how solid one likes one's characters. There are certainly plenty of oblique personal implications in the book, and Mr. Quennell will not quarrel with me if I remind him that Gide made *Domenique* one of his ten best French novels and wrote:

"I do not hesitate a moment to lay hold on Domenique. *So noble is the modesty of this book that it seems almost indiscreet to speak of it. It is not a sublime book, but a friendly one. It speaks so intimately that we need no other friend. Nothing is artificial in* Domenique. *Fromentin demonstrates that he is an artist, to be sure, but not especially a man of letters; all the qualities of his pen are previously those of his mind and heart."*

Domenique is a minor masterpiece. *In Search of Lost Time* (I much prefer this to Scott Moncrieff's *Remembrance of Things Past*, and so, by the way, did Proust himself) is a major one. I disagree with Mr. Quennell when he says of the vast final version of this great novel: "Nothing is superfluous; not a detail is wasted." I have argued the point in a forthcoming number of a learned university journal. What we can say is that Proust's mind, and his mastery of sentences, manage to make even his most superfluous divagation interesting. As B. G. Rogers puts it in his essay here on "Proust and the Nineteenth Century": "Art is the consequence of experiencing reality in its totality with a freshness and individuality that can only come from the most delicate and perceptive observation."

This is only one shrewd observation in a volume which is full of them and which is a compilation by enthusiasts and illustrated by photographs and pictures from a number of contemporary sources, many of which have nothing to do with Proust himself, but which throw considerable light on his period. We even get a poster of Carbourg (the original of Balbec); and in the work of Boldini, Béraud, Helleu and others we are carried back to Proust's epoch—without any madeleine to help. Comparison between the writers, all of them excellent, is invidious, but perhaps Elizabeth Bowen in her "Bergotte" shows most ease in the handling of her theme, and Sherban Sidéry has most that is newest to tell us in his essay, "Israel's Way," upon Proust and his Jewishness. Proust's mother was Jewish, and was the cause of his dignified but tactful rebuke to Montesquiou at the time of the Dreyfus case. His father was a Catholic, and perhaps he owed his fundamentally moralistic attitude to his Catholic upbringing as well as to his philosophic interests already aroused when he was at school. He was incapable of gilding or romanticising the aberrative side of his own nature. He preferred to discuss it dispassionately and with sympathy in an impersonal dissertation and then to pillory it unmercifully—as he might any other vice—in its extreme and more distasteful aspects.

Proust as a soldier.

Proust was a moralist, as Marcel Schneider points out to us in his unhesitating acceptance of the feeling that "Judgement will not overtake us on Doomsday; we face it in our daily lives, thanks to the unceasing conflict waged between the combined forces of our idleness and our frivolity and the redeeming strength of our creative impluse. The work of art is the victory that we have won against ourselves."

I can detect in Proust's work not merely hints of his Catholic upbringing, but other intuitive stirrings of a religious nature, which are, as Miss Bowen points out, allied to the poet Wordsworth's intimations of immortality. Here is the passage following the description of Bergotte's death which would have delighter A. E.'s heart, had he ever come across it:

"Permanently dead? Who shall say? . . . . All that we can say is that everything is arranged in this life as though we entered it carrying the burden of obligations contracted in a former life . . . All these obligations which have not their sanction in our present life seem to belong to a different world, founded upon kindness, scrupulosity, self-sacrifice, a world entirely different from this, which we leave in order to be born into this one, before perhaps returning to the other to live once more under the sway of those unknown laws which we have obeyed because we bore their precepts in our hearts, knowing not whose hand has traced them there—those laws which every profound work of the intellect brings us nearer and which are invisible only—and still!—to fools. So that the idea that Bergotte was not wholly and personally dead is by no means improbable."

This handsome volume places us heavily in debt to not only the five writers already mentioned, but also to Philip Kolb, I. H. E. Dunlop, Anthony Powell (who throws a highly illuminating searchlight upon "Proust as a Soldier"), J. M. Quennell, Francis Steegmuller and Pamela Hansford Johnson. Three more books on Proust are promised by publishers in the near future, and perhaps, when they appear, I shall have an excuse for returning to my subject.

Monk Gibbon is the author of 'The Seals,' 'Mount Iida,' 'Inglorious Soldier' and other works.

Books

THE GENTLE ART OF POISON

Mary Manning

INFAMOUS VICTORIANS. By Giles St. Aubyn. Constable. £2.50 net.

THE Victorians were prone to murder. In fact it was the golden age of murder. One of the chief motives for this being the rapid growth of life insurance. Because of their easy access to poisons Victorian doctors were specially open to temptation and it was made all the easier by the extraordinary carelessness of the insurance companies. It was not until a regular blood bath of crimes came to light that security measures were taken and trained investigators were deputed to look into all claims on life insurance. As well as the two medical assassins who are the subjects of Mr. St. Aubyn's studies there were at least three other doctors tried and convicted within a few years. Dr. Pritchard who murdered his mother-in-law and his wife; Dr. Warder a lecturer in jurisprudence at St. George's Hospital who made a Miss Ethel Branwell his third wife and murdered her soon afterwards; in all probability his other wives met the same fate and our own dear Dr. Cross of Shandy Hill, Co. Cork, who fell in love with with his children's governess and poisoned his wife to marry her which he rather tactlessly did, six weeks after his wife's death! It's the strange stupidity of these murderers that astonishes one.

Mr. St. Aubyn points out and rightly that his two infamous Victorians, Dr. Palmer of Rugeley and Dr. Lamson that neither of them could have been convicted today. Palmer because he was tried and convicted by a hysterical press long before his trial and could today have had the sentence quashed because of a prejudiced jury. Lamson was a morphine addict and certainly could have claimed diminished responsibility at the time of the crime. Of the two Palmer is the most wicked and the most interesting. On the surface he was an affable free handed fellow, mad about horse racing and an obsessional gambler. He was kind and generous to his friends, tipped servants lavishly and treated his poorer patients with exceptional consideration but all these outer attributes cloaked a cold blooded murderer. Besides poisoning his wife to whom he claimed to be devoted there is good reason to believe he poisoned four of his five children. "He often complained that large families were ruinously expensive". So four little Palmers died suddenly and mysteriously in convulsions. His eldest son Willie survived. When his wife was dying she said to a friend, "I do hope Willie is safe," adding hastily, "I mean I hope he is well." Previous to bumping off his wife the good doctor had already got rid of his mother-in-law. After his wife's death the Prince of Wales insurance company paid up thirteen thousand pounds on her life which seems extraordinary considering the doctor's murky reputation. It was the poisoning of his racing pal John Cook which finally nailed him. There were too many witnesses and too many doctors involved. Unrepentant and affable to the last he was hanged in Stafford gaol on the 14th June, 1956. When told to stand on the trap he asked the hangman smiling, "Do you think it is safe?" Like most of the Victorian murderers he was a mass of hypocrisy, he was deeply religious, went regularly to church and made notes in his bible about the sermons. He liked to sing hymns as he went about his work! After Palmer's death the citizens of his home town Rugeley petitioned the Prime Minister to let them change the name of the town the notoriety was so unpleasant. "Certainly," replied the Prime Minister, "call it Palmerstown, after me."

Lamson was a strange neurotic character who had served in a field hospital in the Balkans during the Eastern war. He bought a practice in Bournmouth where his eccentricities hardly won him friends or patients. He naturally ran into debt and was at his wits end for money when he bethought himself of his crippled brother-in-law Percy John a student at an academy for the sons of gentlemen in Wimbledon. Percy was a ward in chancery and if he died his sisters would inherit his money. Percy was a pathetic fellow crippled from the waist down but intelligent and popular with his fellow students. One afternoon just before the Christmas holidays Dr. Lamson presented himself at Blenheim house to pay his brother-in-law a visit bearing with him a Dundee cake, a bottle of sweets and some crystalized fruits. Percy partook of all these delicacies and then the doctor bade him a fond farewell and departed. Four hours later Percy was dead. Poison was naturally suspected and Lamson's visit became the subject of immediate and sinister conjecture. In no time the doctor was arrested tried for the crime and hanged. It transpired later that the poison used was aconitum napello commonly called monkshood or wolfe's bane, a beautiful flower grown in respectable English and Irish gardens. Lamson was a pitiful character, so stupified with morphine that he was incapable of running his life, or planning a crime with any logical instinct for self-preservation. Like most of the Victorian murderers his background was impeccable. His father was the English chaplain of the English church in Florence and his brother-in-law was high up in the civil service. In his published confession he attributed his own personal tragedy to morphine and he was probably right.

As a crime reporter in the Gothick maner Mr. St. Aubyn is not in the same class as those two immortals Edmund Pearson and William Roughead. He has allowed himself in these studies to become overly involved in legalistic detail. As he says himself, "my too close a study of the Notable British Trials series," almost amounts to fraudulent conversion." Pearson and Roughead never concerned themselves with the actual trials. They contented themselves with a witty account of the crime and the human angles, the niceties of the situation". On September 6th, 1882, a maiden lady of uncertain age left her lodgings in South Kensington. She carried with her a small suitcase containing a set of spare dentures, a false front of hair, a night dress and some intimate undergarments. She told her landlady she was off to Bournmouth for the week end to meet an old friend. She never returned." That's the stuff, thats all you need! Now read on.

Mary Manning is author of "Mount Venus," "Lovely People" and other novels.

SEASCAPE

(for Peter Levi)

Bird imparts the air violence.
Eliminates a reflection.
Mantle of water grained with light,
Metronomically swells and contracts.

Perched among marine events,
Tourists amble over a predator's bones
Lashed to the tide line
By counterclaim of sea sheared with storm,
Or the roaring engines of the doomed air.

From the sea's rhythm, uncertain as aeons,
I turn to lay claim
With lips melted against bone:
From the salt tang out of time,
Recalling the alley
Crouched against me in a hurdle of echoes.

Richard Golding

RELIGIOUS FRONTIERS

Bill McSweeney

THE VIEW FROM THE BORDER: A Social-Psychological Study of Current Catholicism, by John N. Kotre. Gill and Macmillan. £3.50.

WHATEVER ELSE the Catholic Church is losing it retains a fascination for social scientists. In the good old days of aloof and uncompromising authority the Church of Rome stood in sharp contrast to other religious bodies trying to cope with dwindling membership and weakened adherence to the tenets of faith. It attracted some and repulsed others; it aroused feelings of love or hatred, but not indifference.

The breakdown of the monolithic character of the Church's structure since the Second Vatican Council and the blurring of the doctrinal limits of orthodoxy have produced an intriguing example of religious institution in rapid and profound change. That this process correlates with the expansion and development of the social sciences—particularly sociology and politics — may be more than coincidence. But it has led to various aspects of the Church being subjected to a more rigorous examination than would otherwise have been possible.

Most hierarchies have mixed feelings about exposing themselves and their organisations to such scrutiny. On the one hand, they suspect that sociology, with its inherently subversive character, will weaken the commitment and undermine the faith of their flocks. On the other, if they are to remain in control of a changing situation, they must understand the human sources of this change and not abandon themselves to a despairing trust in the Holy Spirit. And for this they require information of a market-research kind —attitude surveys and demographic research, processed and stamped with the authority of science, albeit social science.

The limits of such research are obvious: it is management-oriented, a response to a problem defined — whether by bishop or layman is not the point — within the institution and therefore incapable of yielding a solution or explanation which transcends the institution. For research into religion to be theoretically sound the institution itself must be part of the study, i.e. the Church must be placed in the wider context of religious belief in general. Otherwise one risks amassing data of short-term utility and of very limited scope.

This is particularly true of research into post-Conciliar Catholicism: the dramatic changes in the Church are not the result of institutional defects or peculiarities, but are part of a process affecting most western societies.

In this study of the boundaries of Church membership, John Kotre stands too close to the Church to enlighten our understanding of it. He is concerned with the border, perceived by Catholics, between acceptance and rejection of the Church.

Not many years ago, this border was clearly defined. One could have drawn up a list of the beliefs and practices which separated members from non-members and distinguished practising from lapsed. Today, as Kotre shows, it is difficult to find any criterion of faith or morals from which one can predict membership of the Church.

Almost any reason for one person's departure is likely to be perceived by another as irrelevant to his membership. There is some tendency for home and parental background of those rejecting the Church to differ from that of continuing members, but it is slight and is not built into any convincing argument.

The idea of studying the borders of Catholicism is an interesting one for which we must thank the author. He has a commitment to his subject and a remarkable fluency in handling statistics — though he shows dubious judgment in inflicting their technicalities on the reader on every other page.

But the book as a whole suffers from a theoretical poverty, which detracts from the dazzling display of statistics and makes the abundance of technical jargon unrewarding to read. A sample of 100 graduates from two Catholic universities in the United States is scarcely sufficient to allow inferences to be drawn about the Catholic Church. In fairness, Kotre acknowledges this, but he still regards his 100 graduates as a sensitive barometer to pressures within the Church because they are "the best products of the Catholic educational system . . . they represent the best that Catholicism turns out . . ." Heaven help the Church!

It is inevitable that many key variables chosen by the author should yield only crude measurements. For example, one may try to rank the importance of Catholicism at various periods in childhood or say who has the most power in the Catholic Church, but it would be foolhardy to assume that one's answers were "accurate" in any quantifiable sense. Nor does the author explicitly make such assumptions. But for 160 pages he treats his date to such a level of statistical analysis as to imply a degree of mathematical accuracy which his questionnaire could not yield. The refinement of his instrument is disproportionate to the measurement of his data.

Too little space or thought has been given to understanding the survey material, and such explanations as are offered border on the tautologous. What we are seeing today in the Catholic Church cannot be understood within the theoretical framework of Kotre's study, which is essentially that of the Church as an institution.

The blurring of membership boundaries is one of the effects of the sudden release within the Catholic Church of forces in society which have long ago permeated other religious bodies, but remained muted in the Church until Vatican II. What Kotre sees as a revolution from his viewpoint may turn out to be a collapse from a wider perspective.

Bill McSweeney is an ex-Catholic Priest and Sociologist.

Rome, the centre of two great cultures, the Roman Empire and Roman Christendom, is surely the richest of cities in architecture and all the visual arts. Above is 'the mourning angel,' a detail from the tomb of James III and Charles III at the Vatican and which can be found in Treasures of the Vatican *by Orreste Ferarri. A cultural histroy stretching right up to post-war Europe, the book is published by Thames and Hudson at £2.10.*

STILL THE INDOMITABLE IRISHRY

"If you have Irish tears, prepare to shed them now." JOHN BOLAND discusses "poetry for the tourist."

There is more than one kind of bad poetry.

There is, first of all, sincerely bad poetry, which is often known as verse. The most notable example in recent times is Mary Wilson's *Selected Poems*. Mary Wilson is not a poet, nor would she pretend to be. Versifiers are always necessarily modest about their hobby. For that is what it is: a hobby, a way of passing dreary hours by dabbling in emotions and iambic pentameters and rhyme. It is all deliberately unpretentious and inoffensive, so critical protest is disarmed. We may ignore, yes, but it is useless to blame.

The second kind of bad poetry is quite the opposite: it is bad because it is insincere. Another definition of it would be that it is trendy. The great poetic licence of being trendy is that the practitioner does not have to worry about such irritants as precision or craftsmanship. A good example is the San Francisco ageing flower-child, Richard Brautigan. Here sloppiness is all. You give the public what *it* has been told to want and you reap the profits from its mindlessness. Leonard Cohen is another example: despite some finely realised poems, much of the feeling expressed in his work is rather glib, that little bit too easy for reality. But there are more distinguished examples than the pampered *child that is* Mr. Brautigan and the sympathically world-weary man that is Mr. Cohen. Ted Hughes, for instance, seems to be becoming victim to his fashionableness: *Crow* is essentially a book of diminishing returns. After about ten poems, the rot sets in, his devices become merely devices, the reasons for them seeming less and less valid.

Neither of these kinds of bad poetry are peculiar in any way to Ireland. But there is a third kind, not entirely unrelated to the last, which is detectable in much modern Anglo-Irish poetry. It is the kind implied in the title of this article, whereby the poet makes false capital of his Irishness. Its methods involve an abuse of nationalism and/or patriotism. It is the poetic equivalent of the English comedian's stock notion of the Irish character. Even Yeats was not immune to the practice, as a cursory reading of the final sections of "Under Ben Bulben" will demonstrate:

"The holiness of monks, and after
Porter-drinkers' randy laughter."

The tourist can only be ecstatic at such insights from the truthgivers, the poets. We mere Irish should be a little less tolerant of such debasement of the noblest art.

Let me give a more recent instance of this Irishry in verse. Let me take as my text a poem by John Montague from his collection, *Poisoned Lands* (1961). The poem is entitled "Murphy in Manchester." Murphy is that archetypal Irish emblem, the emigrant, who in the first line

Brendan Kennelly.

"wakes to a confused dream," much like the poem itself. The poet then proceeds to wrench dewy-eyed sympathy from the reader:

"And all his new present floats
Suddenly up to him on rocking rails.
Through that long first day
He trudges streets, tracks friends
Stares open-openmouthed at monuments
To manufacturers, sabred generals."

In just six lines we are presented with such emotive phrases as "rocking rails," "that long first day," "trudges," "stares open-mouthed"—phrases which can hardly fail to evoke sympathy in every decent Irish breast. The poem continues:

"Passing a vegetable stall
With exposed fruits, he halts
To contemplate a knobbly potato
With excitement akin to love."

This falsely sentimental image of the "knobbly potato" is designed to play about with our traditional responses to emigration. In this light, the insertion of the archaic "akin" is a cunning touch. In fact, with a syrupy arrangement the whole poem could, perhaps, be sung by Bridie Gallagher.

What I am basically objecting to in this poem is the way words and feelings are used to manipulate our responses, the way our Irishness is invoked: if you have Irish tears, prepare to shed them now. Manipulation of emotional response we have by now become accustomed to in advertising, and we will allow it willingly in a sentimental song. But poetry is finer than either of these things and, thus, it should not be made do the same shallow work. It is a pity that Mr. Montague felt the need to do this, for he has written some very fine poems, poems of a personal urgency (rather than the poetry of stance, such as the one quoted above): "Old Mythologies," "The Trout," "The Room," "The Same Gesture," for example — even the poem "Poisoned Lands" itself which, though slighter than these, is a nicely sly piece. But the tendency to take the easy way out (i.e.: the Irish way out) is often present. Thus last year finds him publishing a mini-epic on the troubled North, "A New Siege," which shares much the same virtues as a piece of newspaper reportage, except that in the poem the "journalese" is chopped into lines and that the newspaper piece will reach a wider audience.

"Lines of defiance
lines of discord
under Walker's arms
bricks with guns
British soldiers
patrol the walls
the gates between
Ulster Catholic
Ulster Protestants
a Saracen slides
past the Guildhall."

Strife and trouble are not invented for the convenience of artists, and there are very few artists capable of making great art from such events. Holocaust as a poetic problem. The North as a new mythology. No, we should not be allowed to forget that there is only one Swift.

Mr. Montague is not the only offender. The defects to be found in his work can be found in most of us, this pervasive malaise, this mixture of expedience and inferiority which causes us to swallow the image abroad of our Irishness and then to regurgitate it in conversations, in song, in poem, in prose.

Brendan Kennelly, in the introduction to his "Penguin Book of Irish Verse," states (with some justification) that "a poet without a myth is a man confronting famine." Earlier in the introduction, Mr. Kennelly has, I think, offered us a myth of his own. Generalising about "all Irish poetry," he states that "a hard, simple, virile, rhetorical clarity is its most memorable characteristic. The Irish mind has never taken kindly to obscurity. It delights in simple, direct, lively expression." This is the kind of assertion which sounds very well indeed—before one has had time to reflect on its substance. The tourist, of course, will nod delightedly and think of Kavanagh and Behan. He will hardly think of Thomas Kinsella (or indeed the Montague of those fine love poems) to whom the epithets "lively," "simple," "direct" do not apply very comfortably. Kinsella is a difficult, demanding, disciplined, sometimes instransigent, poet who very much goes his own way. Does that make him any less of an Irish poet? Is Wallace Stevens as "American" a poet as Allen Ginsberg? Does it matter? His poetry is much greater than Ginsberg's. Stevens never felt obliged to wear his country on his sleeve.

This emotive sense of nationalism can have wider repercussions. The degree to which many younger practitioners of poetry revere a figure like Kavanagh is frightening, the reverence applying anyway more to the image of the boozy poet than to the poetry. Writers should, perhaps, not be revered: they exist primarily to teach us truths about ourselves. Sadly, it is not only in pop music that the superstar - fan relationship exists. Poetry too has as its fans its own intellectual brand of groupies. In such a close community as Dublin, the effect can only be harmful.

For an answer (if not the final answer) to all this mock-nationalism, we must turn to Mr. Kennelly's anthology of Irish verse, to a poem by AE, entitled "On Behalf of Some Irishmen Not followers of Tradition." The opening four lines read:

"They call us aliens, we are told,
Because our wayward visions stray
From that dim banner they unfold,
The dreams of worn-out yesterday."

And the poem closes:

"No blazoned banner we unfold—
One charge alone we give to youth,
Against the sceptred myth to hold
The golden heresy of truth."

Let us be Irish, let us even be proud of being Irish, but let us not be "Irish and proud of it." And let us not forget that poetry is a matter concerning words, not flags for the tourist to buy.

Waterford is a way of life.

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ENROL EARLY — BE PREPARED

ONE MUST GO

They come in threes but one must go,
Pig, cow, hen: one must go.
Forest, tree, table; up, down, and;
One must go. Sea, beer, sand;
Herring, cod, whale; coffee, vodka, tea;
Yeats, Auden, Shaw; Thames, Lomond, Lee;
Life, death, breath; cat, dog, canary;
Apple, carrot, pear; queen, ghost, fairy.
Five, four, three; who, but, which;
Shoe, sandal, boot; poor, wise, rich.
Quick, pretty, slow: one must go.
They come in threes, but one must go.

Robert Greacen

Books

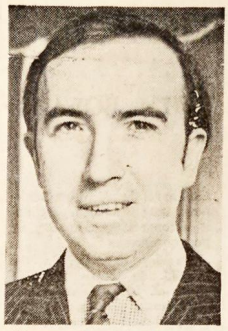
MORAL CONFLICT

Mary Robinson

THE AGONISING CHOICE. Birth Control, Religion and the Law, by Norman St. John-Stevas. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £3.50.

MR. ST. JOHN-STEVAS makes the reviewer's task easier by revealing in the Introduction his own attitude towards the subject matter of the book: "The view on birth control which informs this book, sometimes explicitly but more often implicitly, is that Catholics should be free to decide according to their own consciences what methods of birth control to employ. I make no claim that this is the only Catholic view but it is *a* Catholic view compatable with the acceptance of the ideas of the Roman primacy, although not with some of its recent exercises. The conscience of any Catholic always operates within the framework of Catholic truth — it is not something wholly autonomous —but it is a true conscience none the less and is entitled to freedom. A genuinely conscientious decision must be made by the individual for himself: it cannot be made for him by others."

The book includes a brief history of birth control showing that it is not a new problem but one which occupied the Jews, Greeks, Romans and



Norman St. John Stevas

Egyptians in their time. His sources range from Aristotle to Thomas Malthus, an Anglican Curate who wrote a controversial "Essay On The Principle of Population" published in 1798. There is a brief survey of 18th and 19th century attitudes towards the problem of birth control, and their gradual evolution in the United States and Britain to an acceptance of the use of contraceptives and its governmental approval of family planning. In England this is typified by the National Health Service (Family Planning) Act of 1967 which was a private Bill given the Royal Assent in June, 1967. It provides that local health authorities *may* with the approval of the Minister of Health, and to such extent as he may direct *shall*, provide facilities for the giving of contraceptive advice and provision of contraceptives. A similar development has taken place in the United States but because of the absence of a comprehensive national health service there is no overall uniformity and the position varies from state to state. Federal law in the United States, under the power to regulate inter-state commerce, has provided that either the mailing of contraceptives or the mailing of literature relating to contraceptives is a felony, but this has been interpreted by the courts to mean only when there is an intent to use the articles for illegal purposes and that proof of this intent is necessary to secure a conviction. Therefore contraceptives intended for bona fide medical use, for the treatment or prevention of disease, and contraceptive books or pamphlets which are not written in obscene language may be freely imported, transported and mailed.

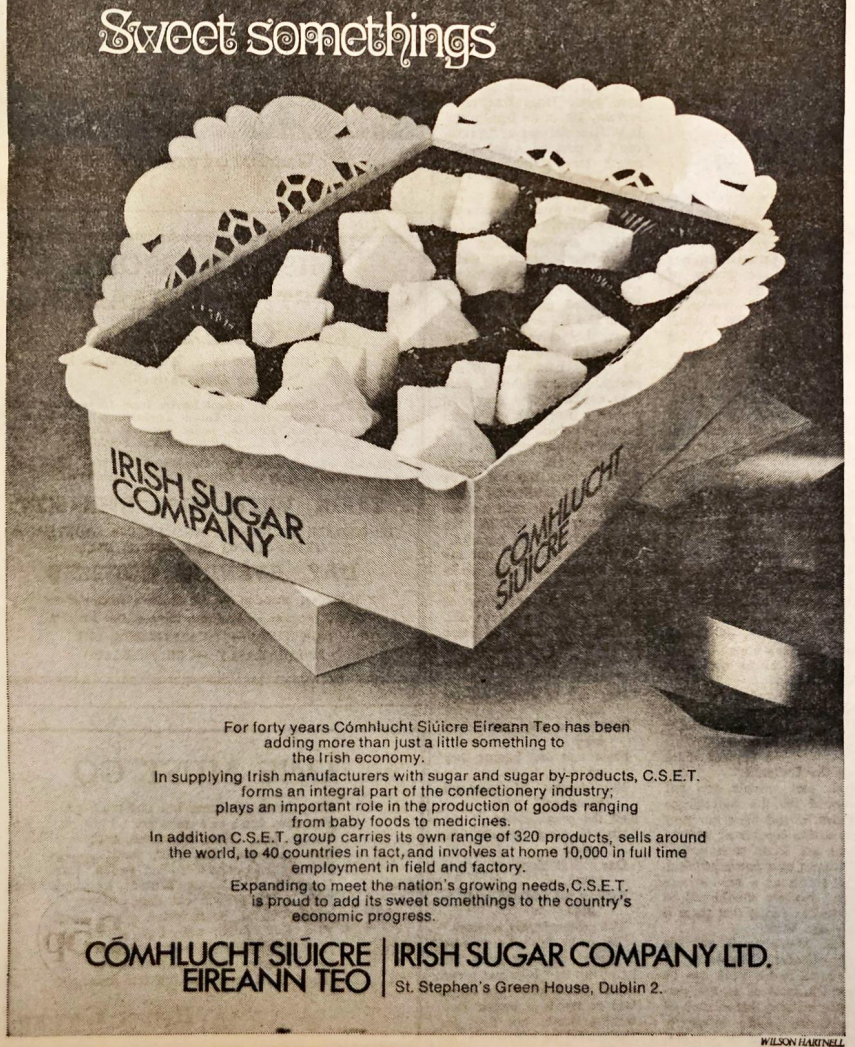
Having surveyed the history of the law in the United States and in Britain, Mr. St. John-Stevas concludes that blanket legislative banning of the sale of contraceptives or the dissemination of contraceptive information is no longer a serious issue, but that certain important legal questions remain: "The questions which seem likely to be raised in the future fall into two groups. First there are those which are of a regulatory kind. Should contraceptives be sold to minors? Ought contraceptive advice be available to the unmarried? What restrictions should there be on advertising contraceptives in the interests of public morality? Should the sale of contraceptives from slot machines be allowed? All these questions pre-suppose that contraception is accepted in contemporary society as a normal adjunct to family life. The second important group of questions centre around the provision of contraceptive advice and contraceptives themselves as part of federal, state and local health services." It is pointed out that state-sponsored programmes are closely linked to the wider issue of population policy, and that there could be a real danger to civil liberty unless they were firmly based on a revolutionary principle both in theory and in practice.

One of the very few references to Ireland in the book is to the response of the hierarchy here in the person of Archbishop McQuaid, who described the encyclical as an essential document which set forth once again the teaching of the Church, and hastened to telegraph the Pope expressing his support. Fr. James Good, Professor of Theology in Cork, is the only dissenting voice on the Irish scene and is quoted as describing the Pope's statement as "a major tragedy in the Church." The attitudes of the various hierarchies over the next few months (some for, some against and some taking a middle course); are set out and the consequences to individual priests—particularly in England—are also tabulated.

The author is, I think, at his weakest in discussing the legal regulation of the availability of contraceptives. He states that: "Banning the sale of contraceptives and the dissemination of birth control information . . . is a possible subject for legislation, since these are public Acts, capable of regulation by law. Certainly such laws are difficult to enforce, but their effect would be far from nugatory, given a climate of moral opinion which approves their content. Thus in a country where the population predominantly rejected contraception, such laws would not be unreasonable, and in fact they are found in certain Catholic countries such as Spain, Italy and Ireland." This seems to be a very superficial analysis, based on the premise that if there is a sufficiently large majority then that majority is entitled to legislate private moral attitudes. It seems to conflict with the major thesis of the book: that Humanae Vitae was not the last word on contraceptives, that there is room for doubt and that it might not be a non-Catholic minority alone but even a substantial proportion of Catholics in the country who would find the Encyclical difficult to accept in its entirety. Therefore to have the sale and availability of contraceptives prohibited by the criminal law must surely be repressive of civil rights in that country.

My greatest criticism of this book which I found both interesting and rewarding, was the fact that so little mention was made of Ireland. I suggest that in the neighbouring country from Britain the author would have found in embryo all the problems which he tries to treat in the book. He would have found a religious community, a majority Catholic community, with a dissenting and increasingly vocal minority asserting its rights. He would have found within the last year an attempt at a legislative change, widespread public debate on all the issues posed and even a challenge to the authority of Humanae Vitae itself. Was there snobbery in confining his analysis of the legal position to England and the United States. If so, then I think the book is the poorer for not having probed the complex and deeply-felt attitudes of the people here in Ireland in relation to this "agonising choice."

Mary Robinson is a member of Seanad Eireann, and this year sponsored the Bill to amend the legislation containing the distribution of contraceptives in Ireland.



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WILSON HARTNELL

ENEMIES

i

Belfast makes a tall boy
Bonfire for bonfirenight
To burn in effigy the guy
Calls himself a fellow Christ-
ion! The gall of this guy we
Burn instead of crucify
Christ the enemy . . .

ii

At the Gas and Electric
Offices

Black boats with white sails
Float down the stairs
Frighten the five year old
Wee protestant girls.

'Nuns, nuns,' one of them yells
'When are yez gon' to git
morried?'

Padriac Fiacc

BOOKCHAT

Maurice Sweeney

LITERARY life in Sligo, I'm glad to say, is not just confined to those two weeks of the year when the Yeats Summer School holds court. Judging from a relatively modest but interesting home-made collection, *Poetry Work Shop Collection*, which has recently come my way, there seems to be quite a flourishing corpus of local poets in the neighbourhood. The collection grew out of a series of readings in McLynn's pub in Old Market Street over the last year. It has not yet arrived at the Dublin bookshops, but those interested in seeing it will, I'm sure, be able to get a copy by writing to the above public house.

PETER SMITH, business manager of the New Writers' Press, tells me that there is quite a bounty to be picked up by anybody who has taken the trouble to collect all of the Press's publications since its foundation in 1967. One particular American University is prepared to pay something in the region of 300 dollars for a full collection which, incidentally, even the NWP itself does not possess. If you feel like going hunting for these volumes which are missing from your shelf, you will be interested to hear that a descriptive catalogue of the hundred or so publications which have come from the Press has just recently been published. The catalogue also includes publications to be bought out this autumn, the most interesting of which, in my mind, will be John Jordan's *Haemmhorage*, a prose memoir of Dublin in the early 1950s and figuring such people as Seamus O'Sullivan, Brendan Behan and Gainor Crist — the original of J. P. Donleavy's Sebastian Dangerfield.

* * *

SOME angry mumblings come from certain people recently with poet Michael Hartnett's praising, in a review of *Broadsheet 10* in *The Irish Times*, of the "frugality" of the Arts Council towards helping various poetry publications. he sharpest reaction came from Hayden Murphy, the editor of Broadsheet, who has been producing the magazine with not more than a few occasional breadcrumbs from the Arts Council table. Michael Hartnett may well have some valid holes to pick in Broadsheet, but it does at least publish those poets who have not as yet been lucky to get the same exposure as himself. However, read Hayden Murphy's rejoinder in *Broadsheet 12*, which has been brought out under the same precarious economics as its predecessors and which contains, among others, Paul Durcan, Anthony Glavin, Hugh Maxton and Sara White. Price a mere 10p.

* * *

SOMEWHAT exasperated with the various delays and procastinations which are part and parcel of the publishing world, Richard Webber has taken the same course as Austin Clarke and decided that the only way to get his book out was to become his own publisher. *A Few Short Ones* is the title of the book and contains a series of postage stamp size epigramatic poems. Under the imprint of the "Ballymockan Press," it is available in most bookshops at 40p.

* * *

AN additional volume for the Trotskyist bookshelf is *On Lenin: Notes Towards a Biography*, the fragments first published in 1925, which were to go into the making of Leon Trotsky's projected full-length biography, the completion of which was interrupted by exile and his death in 1940. Some may already have it on their bookshelves as an English edition was published some forty odd years ago by Harrap and is now something of a collector's item. This is a new translation, however, also published by Harrap at £1.75 (or £1.00 paperback) and contains an introduction by Lionel Blockhan, well-noted for his *Russia in Revolution*.

* * *

SEEMINGLY not completly deterred as yet by the slump in the American educational market, which has hit them rather badly down in their 'factory' at Shannon, the Irish University Press have taken on two more ambitious projects. From September on they will begin to publish a series (forty-four titles in all) of books on "The Development of Industrial Society." These will be reprints of contemporary documents and commentaries on the social, economic and political upheavals of 19th-century Britain.

The other project is publication of the nine-volume *Report of the Indian Hemp Commission*, 1893-1894, a well-known document and inquiry into the social and medical implications of the use of marijuana and other related drugs. The I.U.P. edition contains a new introduction by Robert C. Petersen, of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Publication in December.

* * *

THREE new novels which will be appearing next month: Paul Gallico's *The Zoo Song*, a tale of the underworld in the South of France, will be arriving from Heinemann, while Collins will publish both Alistair MacLean's latest epic, *Bear Island* and *The Winds of War*, by Herman Wouk, author of *The Caine Mutiny*.

PSYCHIC NERVES

Herbie Brennan

STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL by Henry James. (Edited and introduced by Leon Edel). Barrie and Jenkins. £3.50.

THERE IS A bizarre fascination about any man who could not merely make a living, but actually make a lasting name by writing horror stories.

Dr. Edel, Henry James Professor of English and American Letters at New York University, has realised this interest exists and set out to satisfy it.

As a result, the introduction and extensive headnotes in this book are worth just as much attention as the stories of the master himself.

Henry James came from an odd family. His father, an amateur theologian with a wooden leg, was in 1844 seized by a sense of extra-human evil which had a profound effect on his own and his sons' thought processes in the years to come.

The author's elder brother, William, a founding father of psychology in the United States, was also struck abruptly by a sense of horror from the outer darkness. It went some way towards prompting a lifelong study of occult phenomena and in a sense may have led to the production by him of a book which remains a classic to the present day: "The Varieties of Religious Experience."

Henry James had no daylight experiences of this type, but the lasting quality of his work is a sure sign he was in close touch with the inner world just the same. When spines chill to the printed word, it has less to do with the author's descriptive technique than his ability to strike a psychic chord. James sets some universal elements in the human psyche vibrating with the result that though his style is out of date, his characters often quaint, his environment a curiosity in these hurried days, the reader still reacts in many cases with a fascinated shudder. Although Freud's ideas were new and James's knowledge of them scant enough—especially in his earlier period—James seems to have known exactly what he was doing when he set out to create an aura of otherness.

As he explained to heart specialist, Sir James Mackenzie: "So long as the events are veiled, the imagination will run riot and depict all sorts of horrors. But as soon as the veil is lifted, all mystery disappears and with it the sense of terror."

In what purports to a complete collection of the author's work on supernatural themes, it is no surprise to find some of the stories no longer work—if they ever worked to any real degree.

There is, for instance, an immense gap between the subtle atmosphere of horror built up painstakingly in his masterpiece, "The Turn of the Screw," and the rather silly, totally uncharacteristic ending tagged on (or so it would seem) to his first ghost story, "The Romance of Certain Old Clothes."

But an author has to learn his craft and even in the early work there are shadows of techniques to come. James, it seems, was always a good descriptive writer. When he learned the trick of touching psychic nerves, he became a great one.

Herbie Brennan's "Astral Doorways" was published by "The Aquarian Press," price £1.50, last month.

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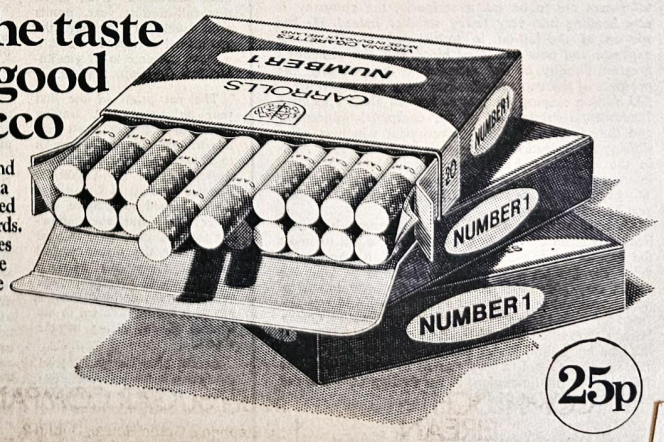


Finance Property Stockmarket Economics

Wailing Wall

IT IS UNDERSTANDABLE that Mr. Michael Dargan, the Aer Lingus General Manager, should have reacted in emotive terms to the American announcement that it was 'denouncing' the Bi-Lateral Agreement of 1948. His company has benefited from an agreement under which it has enjoyed the better of a bargain for the 13 years that Aer Lingus have operated a transatlantic route. His reaction may be understandable but it is hardly realistic.

The simple reality of the situation is that the U.S. Government accorded to the Irish Government (as it did to other European Governments after the war) an exchange of landing facilities that were deemed relevant at that time and under the conditions then pertaining. During three formal negotiating sessions since 1948, the Americans have attempted to renegotiate the agreement along lines which would redress what is obviously now a considerable imbalance in Ireland's favour. On each of these three occasions the Irish negotiators (officials from the Department of Transport and Power) refused to budge an inch. In fact they may be congratulated on postponing the inevitable by as long as they did. Now, however, as either party is entitled to do under article 9 of the original agreement, the U.S. Government has given the required one year's notice of their intention of withdrawing from the arrangement. There is now no alternative for the Irish Government but to talk business—and this is now what is going to happen. Mr. Tom O'Donnell, the Fine Gael spokesman on Transport and Power termed the U.S. decision a "monstrous one." "It was just another indication of the jack-boot bullying tactics by the Americans," he said. The Americans no doubt see it differently.

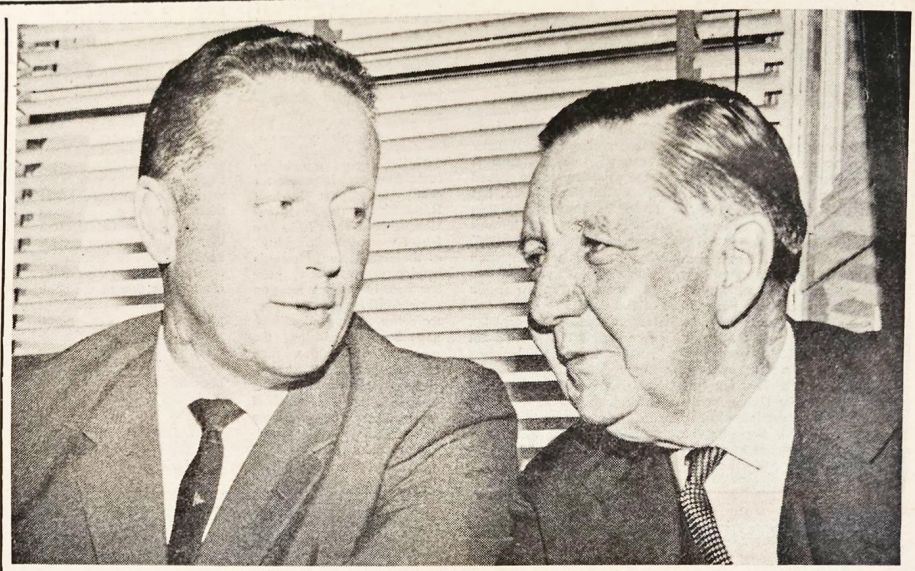
At this stage there is absolutely no point in berating the Americans for exercising their rights—even if the effect of their decision means far less to them than it does to us. At least since 1964 it was recognised that such an eventuality was almost inevitable. Furthermore Aer Lingus have had 13 years in which to establish themselves on the Atlantic route, and if their forward planning did not anticipate this development then the management (particularly as they are aware of the financial difficulties of most international airlines and the pressures on them at the moment) can only be considered naieve Mr. Dargan's complaint that "the threat if carried out would destroy the Irish trans-Atlantic air-line" has the ring of a man who doth protest too much. It would be far more relevant to hear from him and others about where the national airline is going from here.

Aer Lingus is not, and never could be, an ordinary commercial airline. It is, or tries to be, a symbol of national prestige, a bearer of the national colours overseas. It has chosen to compete in the giant league of international aviation, but it labours under those confused and conflicting terms of reference that apply to most state companies. It has never paid a penny dividend to the Irish Government on the £20 million directly invested in it—and it is most unlikely that it ever will. But its contribution to Irish tourism in the past has unquestionably—if immeasurably—been very substantial indeed.

If even a fraction of Mr. Dargan's Cassandra-like utterances are to be taken seriously, the company is now heading into very heavy weather indeed. He has spoken of the fall-off in tourist volume, the rising expenses and now this latest blow. But the company's greatset liability at the moment is undoubtedly the prospect of the two new Jumbos lying idle all winter—£20 million reaping no return. For all these reasons a fundamental reappraisal of the company's objectives and the objectives of the Government which is subsidising the operation, is obviously most desirable. And in the meantime Aer Lingus might look to some internal economics, as even the giant American operators (both of which slashed 10% off their payrolls this year) have had to do.

A re-negotiation of the 1948 agreement has now been forced on us. We have no alternative but to make the best of the new negotiations. And if the Americans value the Dublin concession so much as to take the action they have, then some other quid-pro-quo in a new agreement is not impossible. (When KLM was refused the right to fly from New York to Heuston, Queen Juliana threatened to pull Holland out of NATO—and she won her point.) If Aer Lingus wants to play in the Big League it's got to be prepared to play as tough as the rest. But public sessions at the wailing wall, are not going to get it anywhere.

The Financial Editor



Dr. L. Dillon Digby, Managing Director, talking to Mr. C. O. Stanley, Chairman, of Pye (Ireland) Ltd.

UNSCRAMBLING CREDIT FINANCE

A Special Correspondent

THE KEY to Credit Finance, and thus the explanation of its failure to live up to the most minimal share price performance expectation, lies in its investment portfolio. This is the beginning and end of all the company's problems and, until something is done to remove this running sore, there is going to be a continuing cloud hanging over its fortunes and those of its most unfortunate shareholders.

What must be most frustrating for its management and shareholders is that the company's actual Hire Purchase trading activities have been quite successful. Even in its first full trading year, profits were sufficient to pay the guaranteed dividend of 6% without resource to its guarantor, Pye (Ireland), Limited.

The net profit in the first year on actual H.P. trading came out at £39,000. Last year this trading surplus had grown to £74,000. Admittedly the re-deployment of the £1,000,000 invested in Pye of Cambridge shares helped to achieve this latter figure, but, even allowing for this, on a 10% interest basis, over the 6-year period involved there has been a simple annual average growth rate in profits of over 10%, a situation hardly reflected in the current dismal rating of the shares.

At the after-tax profit level the future is far less rosy. The actual amount available for dividend distribution has after 6 years only edged forward from £30,000 to £31,000, and is one of the two major factors in the current share-price depression. There are two causes behind this poor after-tax performance. The first is falling dividend income from investments, and this will continue into the current year, as Unidare has actually passed its dividend payment for this year and the best hope is that Pye (Ireland) will be able to hope the same rate of payment. The other cause is the actual tax charge itself. This has grown from a rate of 45% in 1965 to one of 61% last year. This exceptionally high figure not only reflects the higher rates imposed in last October's mini-budget, but also includes a retrospective charge of £5,000, which, unlike in other companies, was not able to be written off against reserves because there are none. Besides this poor after-tax situation, the other major depressing factor—and this is the key mentioned in the opening paragraph—is the company's investment portfolio.

When Credit Finance went public in December, 1963, it was promoted by C. O. Stanley's three public companies, Pye of Cambridge, Unidare and Pye (Ireland). To formalise the intertwined relationship of the three companies with Credit Finance, Stanley decided to allot £100,000 worth of C.F. shares in exchange for holdings worth £100,000 in each of the three promoting companies. These investments were mainly made to ensure CONTROL of Credit Finance, but were also meant to act as a kind of collateral base for the new company's trading activities.

It must be remembered, of course, that the whole point of Credit Finance was to take the pressure off Pye (Ireland), which, in its running and losing battle against the television rental chains, was trying to finance sales through its independent dealers. In a major sense, then, the Credit Finance flotation was a shoreing-up operation for Pye's (Ireland) grossly over-extended financial position and actually increased Pye (I.) liquidity by £350,000. It also allowed Pye (I.) a few years' grace to continue its battle with the T.V. rental chains, and this deferred the radical surgery on Pye (I.) which was eventually forced on the company,

The very nature of this support operation for Pye (Ireland) alerted many of the professional investors in Dublin to the dangers inherent in the edifice Stanley was building up. The lack of support for the shares, plus the sparce institutional representation in share register go along with this.

Until Credit Finance solves this investment problem, it is probably best to avoid the shares. The directors have not shown a lot of imagination to date in dealing with this key problem. C. O. Stanley has mentioned 2 methods; one to write down the nominal value of the 25p shares to 20p and thus allow the company to write £140,000 off its investments. The other was to distribute the 155,000 Unidare shares and 118,000 Pye (I.) shares to shareholders in exchange for a proportion of their Credit Finance holdings.

Neither of these methods seem terribly attractive and, in themselves, would do little to improve things. They would clear up the balance sheet and thus take the pressure off the company. This would give the directors increased manoeuvreability, but not get to the root of the matter.

The obvious solution to the problem is an unscrambling of those very links which first tied up the company. This would mean that both Unidare (51% owned by Philips) and Pye (Ireland) (20% owned by Philips) would agree to the cancellation of their holdings in Credit Finance in return for them doing the same with Credit Finance's holdings in their respective companies.

The result of this disengagement operation would not only clear up Credit Finance's balance sheet as well as those of Unidare and Pye (I.), but because this would increase the return on the reduced equity capital of C.F. to 15%, it should also increase the market value of Credit Finance's shares. The possibility of a take-over bid would also be opened up which might help the shares reach the 50% premium they did in 1946. Philips would also gain by this, through the 400,000 C.F. shares held by its subsidiary, Pye of Cambridge.

The shares at their current 40% discount are too low to be sold by existing holders, who, anyway, now have a 10½% dividend yield to keep them going, but a purchase would only be for speculators in the hope of a scheme like the one above being pulled off,

. . Around The City With Moneybags . . .

WHAT A PITY that, when all the gravy was being doled out during the Calor Gas takeover of L.P.G. Ltd. (Kosangas) last June, a little consideration was not shown to the senior executives who had built up the company to the pay-off stage. You will recall that **K. F. Bishop's** shares were bought out for a consideration of around £1¼ million and that in addition to this, his options on further shares were worth another £200,000. Charterhouse, the Merchant Bankers who had the foresight to become involved only three years previously, netted a PROFIT of around £¾ million. And the directors' shares were worth about £50,000 to J. P. Vaughan; £56,000 to J. G. Ronan, £75,000 to P. H. Marjuggi (whoever he is) and £50,000 to Vincent Crowley.

Seemingly ne'er a penny of all this went the way of one **Seamus P. Timmons,** who had joined Kosangas as Production Engineer way back in 1959 when it was still owned by McMullans. He was appointed Sales Manager in 1963, Marketing Manager in 1968, General Manager in 1970 and General Manager of the merged Calor/Kosangas group in June of this year.

Now the bold Seamus has upped and established a new liquid petroleum gas distributing company called Irish National Gas Ltd. — thanks to the help of such useful associates in a credit squeeze as **Paddy McGrath, Pat Hughes, Noel Griffin, Lyol Collen,** etc.; and, be it noted, about half a dozen of his previous colleagues in Calor/Kosangas company.

Some people wonder about the ethics of all this—as if ethics had any place in business— which of course they do—as long as they suit. But at least Seamus has come out of the takeover jungle better than some. You may recall that Wintex Securities Ltd. took over McBirney's emporium at about the same time. The offer document dutifully stated that "Wintex has assured the directors of McBirney that the interests of the staff and employees will be safeguarded as far as is practicable." In the event, what has been practicable for some of the McBirney's staff has been far less than what was practicable in the case of Seamus P. Timmons, Esq. Since the McBirney takeover the tailoring factory above the shop has been closed down, as has the carpet department. In the factory 30 employees have been dismissed, amongst them two ladies of over 70, one of whom had sewed and stitched upstairs in McBirneys continuously since 1928. They are entitled to redundancy compensation, of course; in fact I am informed that Wintex have even paid something over the odds. But it is strange how takeovers affect different people differently, isn't it?

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YOUNG **Gerry Tierney** used to occupy the chair of "New Business Manager" when he was with the Industrial Credit Company. Now that he is General Manager of the Northern Bank Finance Corporation Ltd. he seems to be putting his previous experience to good use. The latest bit of new business that he has pulled in will probably result in the largest public offering of new shares ever placed on the Irish market —McInerney Properties Ltd. —the holding company for the McInerney Group of companies.

It also puts NBFC in the front line of opposition to the other merchant banks in Dublin catering for the eye-catching new-issue business.

But why, you may well ask, would **Don McInerney** chose NBFC to handle the flotation of his company to the public. Why not one of the better known natives? Part of the answer is that as much as 40% of McInerney's business is now in the U.K. and NBFC's principals—the Midland Bank Ltd.—are an important contact for McInerney's over there. Another reason is that NBFC are particularly interested in industrial property development—which is likely to see the main part of McInerney's expansion here in the future. But the third reason is more intriguing.

NBFC were **not** McInerney's first choice. In fact as many as NINE meetings took place with another merchant bank, but (for reasons which I am not free to divulge as yet) finally broke down completely. And that was when Gerry Tierney got his chance.

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ONE OF THE FEATURES of the McInerney offer when it appears (presumably this side of Christmas) may be a participating deal for employees. Schemes by which employees can share in the capital growth of the companies they work for are common enough nowadays, though the methods vary quite considerably. **Michael Rigby Jones** in Irish Ropes recently introduced two schemes: one for all employees; the other for executives. Under the employees' scheme, Irish Ropes are lending up to £50 each to employees to buy shares in the company at the current price. The Executive scheme is rather similar except that each individual can take up more shares.

The scheme announced now by **Alan Mooney,** Chairman of Crowe Wilson, however is very much more selective but in practice I can see how much more enticing it will be to the bright young men. Crowe Wilson's is a share option Incentive Scheme for Executives only. The attraction is that they will have to put up no money at all. If the shares do well, the options can be exercised. If they don't—no harm done! It won't prove an immediate bonanza because the options will be exercisable only above 85p per share. But over the years it should keep a few noses to the grindstone while the bold **Tony O'Reilly** is off in the States.

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In Dublin: Immediately inside the closed glass doors of Woolworths every night now —a row of fire extinguishers standing in readiness.

In Belfast: The most common window sticker along Royal Avenue reads "Bomb Damage Sale,"

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I HOPE you've all been duly impressed by the "concessions" wrung from the Brussels bureaucrats before they closed shop for the long vacation. The greatest splash of congratulations to Dr. Hillery followed the agreement to extend the protection for car assembly until 1985. One national newspaper termed this an "Irish victory" —and the Brussels Boys must be more than satisfied with the conduct of their P.R. operations vis-a-vis Ireland.

In reality, of course, the assembly time has been extended precisely because it is in the E.E.C.'s interest to do so. It matters very little to Germany, France and Italy whether their Volkswagens, Renaults or Fiats are shipped in here on wheels or as CKD. But what does matter to them is that their share of the market in any form is protected.

There is only one threat in Ireland to the dominance of Continental and British cars and that is the advent of Japanese products. And under the present arrangement between the Government and the motor assemblers, Japanese cars are effectively barred from entry to the Irish market. Needless to say, therefore, it suits them well to leave the present arrangement intact. If Dr. Hillery had suggested that Japanese cars also should be assembled until 1985, he would have got a very different answer. But, of course, he didn't — and everyone's happy to leave well enough alone. A real "concession" to the tough Irish negotiators!

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ONE OF THE FEATURES of Youghal Carpet's issued capital over the past 3 years has been not just its rapid increase but the changes this has wrought in the make-up of the share register. Assuming that all Morris shareholders have not only held on to their Youghal shares but also taken up their rights allocation in February, 1969, and that the Wilton shareholders have also held on to their Youghal shares, 34% of Youghal present Ordinary capital would now be held by these shareholders. There has undoubtedly been a fair number of sales from both of these situations, but there has also been some interest in Youghal from across the water. So it is a fairly accurate estimate that something over one-third of Youghal shareholders are British residents.

Another by-product of Youghal's takeovers has been in the voting control of the group. In 1968 Youghal's directors held firm control of the company with 28% of the equity. This has now sunk to about 13% and only just matches the Clarke family's holding of 13% received in the Wilton takeover. But the Clarke influence is strengthened further by its loan of £850,000 to Youghal, which is, however, repayable in cash in three years' time.

With the founding Youghal directors already extended by previous rights issues, it is probable that they will not take up their full allocation of the recent rights issue. On the other hand, as the Clarke family's rights allocation is only costing them £165,000, it is likely that they will now become the largest single block of shareholders. A reverse takeover in a manner of speaking.

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I HAD THOUGHT that most of the deposits which had wandered elsewhere during the bank strike might have returned to their traditional home by now, but the report of the Agricultural Credit Corporation tells a different tale. At the end of April, 1971, the value of deposit accounts and Farm Credit Bonds raked in by **Brendan Considine** and **Michael Culligan** had risen to £125 million — a full 47% greater than the count one year earlier. How much of this might have been left with the banks had they been open I don't know, but this much is obvious—the A.C.C. got a tremendous stimulus from the bank strike, it has managed to hold onto much of the deposits and many of the new contacts made, and all this has enabled it to draw away from its dependence on further Exchequer finance. Indeed because of the strong cash inflow A.C.C. did not draw on the £0.8 million allocated to it in Capital Budget last year.

Although the A.C.C. now has 17 offices around the country it is at a disadvantage vis-a-vis some other finance institutions in this respect at least—that it hasn't a branch in the North. A farmer friend of mine who came into a few pounds after selling some bullocks decided to lodge it temporarily with one of the industrial banks. The first thing the counter clerk said to him was: "I suppose you want us to lodge it in our Northern office"! Tax dodges: best interest rates: no money lying idle: it's all a long way from the days of the wad of brown notes under the mattress.

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YOU MAY OR MAY NOT have noticed that the Central Bank is by far the most profitable institution in the country. In its last financial year it returned a net profit of £11.7 million, which puts it ahead of that local record maker Arthur Guinness; miles ahead of the Bank of Ireland and AIB combined and — believe it or not — even ahead of the Bank of England.

Naturally, **Doc Whitaker** is expected to chip in a few million to the Exchequer from this bonanza, but it looks as if the petty cash is burning a hole in his pocket. For a man who has been lecturing everyone else on the virtues of restraint, the Governor of the Central Bank is certainly setting an odd example.

Not satisfied with a multi-story new plaza on Dame St. to house the offices of the Central Bank, he is moving into the manufacturing business (of notes and coins that is) in a new mint and printing establishment in Sandyford. The Bank's requirements of legal tender notes have been printed since 1959 by Thomas de la Rue and Co. Ltd., initially in Britain, but in more recent years at their factory in Clonskeagh. Why the Doc now finds this arrangement less than satisfactory is not stated. In fact no explanation whatever is offered. De la Rue print currencies and security papers for dozens of countries throughout the world — so presumably their work is fairly satisfactory. But if my memory serves me right, they were enticed to establish a plant in Clonskeagh precisely because they were printing the Irish currency notes. What happens to that plant now?

RECORD RESULTS FOR UDT GROUP

Sir Alexander Ross reports that the results for the year were ahead of forecast. There has been a considerable increase in the profits of the INSTALMENT CREDIT and BANKING divisions. Those of the INDUSTRIAL division have been well maintained and the main subsidiaries in the OVERSEAS division have all achieved record profits.

The valuable connections in Europe built up through our subsidiary and associated companies, as well as through our membership of the Amstel Club, are of increasing benefit to us and will be stimulated further if the United Kingdom enters the Common Market.

GROUP RESULTS	1971	1970
	£'000	£'000
Group Profit before Tax	11,130	7,470
Group Profit after Tax	7,021	4,649
Dividends paid on Ordinary Stock:		
Interim	11%	10%
Final	14%	12%
Earnings per Ordinary Stock unit	12.33p	7.63p

United Dominions Trust Group
51 Eastcheap, London EC3
In Ireland:
United Dominions Trust (Ireland) Ltd.
Hume House, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4

Mr. Ron Cameron of Court aulds Ltd., talking to Mr. John C. Murray, Managing Director of Youghal Carpets Ltd.

THE YOUGHAL RIGHTS ISSUE

Our Textile Correspondent

THE RAPID GROWTH of Youghal Carpets over the past decade from almost nothing to one of Ireland's few major companies with sales of £10 million a year and an Ordinary Share Capital, including the present issue, currently valued at £8 million, has been avidly and profitably followed by local investors. But not everything in the garden is rosy and the recent fall in the share price to only a nominal premium over the rights issue price is only the culmination of growing doubts about the company's ability to maintain its profit record, ever since the takeover of Wilton Royal Carpets nearly two years ago.

Up to 1967, Youghal's growth was mainly concentrated on its weaving plant in Youghal. The continuous addition of new looms was the main feature of the company's physical expansion. The small spinning plant at Tivoli in Cork City was also extending, but it tended to lag behind and yarn had to be bought in to meet the full requirements.

The decision, in 1967, to acquire a British weaving plant allied to the planned expansion of the plant at Youghal, prompted a major rethink of the spinning position. The already cramped Tivoli plant could not be expanded further so it was obvious that a new site would have to be found if the group was to become self-sufficient in Yarn production.

The more the position was gone into, the more enthusiastic the directors became about the possibilities of operating a major spinning plant. (Youghal's chairman, Brian O'Brien's speciality was spinning. He previously owned O'Brien Spinners, but because of the high risks involved in the dependence on only a couple of customers for the spun yarn, he sold out to Bond Worth and set up Youghal Carpets).

As luck would have it, after a search throughout Ireland, the very special requirements for a major spinning and dyeing mill site were found only four miles up the road from Youghal weaving plant. If only the owner, Richard O'Neill, realised the uniqueness of his property, he could have looked for a lot more than the £1,000 an acre sold out for.

Having settled the spinning question, Youghal then went ahead with the takeover of Morris & Co. (Kidderminister) for £700,000 in underwritten shares. As Morris & Co. had fallen on bad times and its net book assets were only £350,000, half Youghal's offer, the price might appear generous. But Morris owned a grossly undervalued 18 acres in Kidderminister and as Youghal's share price stood at a mighty 6 times its asset value, there was considerable asset backing expansion. Morris had earned £177,000 in 1965, three years earlier before slipping back, and its annual rate of profit had improved again to £72,000 on sales of £1 million in 1968. So, considering the spinning profits to be added on to this, Youghal really got a bargain here.

The purchase of Gloucester Carpet for £370,000 cash four months later, in December, 1968, was likewise fairly cheap. Although sales were only half those of Morris at £1½ million, profits were running at over £85,000 p.a. (showing a 23% return on investment) and net assets were £320,000.

At this point, Youghal's financial position was delicately poised and needed careful handling to ensure that the benefits of the two take-overs and the spinning expansion came through to the Ordinary shareholders. In December, 1968, short term indebtedness stood at £1 million and it was planned to spend a further £½ million mainly on the new spinning plant. Net equity assets stood at £1.3 million and the Preference capital brought this up to £1.8 million, so borrowings were not completely out of control.

This, however, became the turning point in Youghal's fortunes. Instead of capitalising on the situation, the directors decided to cure the financial position at one fell swoop by a massive £1 million rights issue. This then became the first in a series of financial extensions which today leaves ordinary shareholders no better off than they were in 1967 as well as being much more heavily committed.

The effect of this rights issue increased net equity assets from £1.3 million to £2.3 million. This massive equity dilution eat up all the benefits which were to flow as well as significantly increasing the supply of Youghal paper around the market.

With the takeover bit between their teeth, and with especially Brian O'Brien's vision of the enormous possibilities for expanding the new Killacloyne spinning and dyeing plant, the Youghal board bid £3 million for the family-controlled Wilton Royal Carpets group. Wilton's net assets were £1.2 million. So as Youghal paid £1.5 million in loan stock, as well as the £1.5 million worth of shares, there was actually a negative equity asset contribution to cover the Youghal equity being issued to Wilton. This had the effect of reducing the already low asset backing of Youghal Ordinary Shares by a full 30% from 13/- (65p) to 9/- (45p). Youghal did not deal with the problem in its accounts until this year, when a massive £1.9 million was written off against reserves to cover the "goodwill" element in consolidating Wilton.

If Youghal had gained substantial earnings expansion, there might have been some point to it all, but a look at the figures shows a situation far from this. Youghal's pre-tax profits in 1969 were £530,000, but as Youghal only had Morris & Gloucester under its wing for one year, and as the new Killacloyne spinning plant was only in full production towards the end of that year, there should have been substantial earnings benefits still to flow to the holding company. The absolutely *minimum profit* expectation for the group, ex-Wilton, for 1970 should have been £600,000. And even this figure would have been modest by Youghal's own growth record. For Wilton to pay the loan interest and only pay its way on the equity, it would have had to earn over, £300,000. This would have meant a minimum pre-tax profit for the group in 1970 of £900,000. As it was the figure came out at only £800,00 and this before deducting a heavy deferred expenditure item of £100,000 mainly on the Rug Plan programme.

So not only has Wilton caused a 30% equity asset dilution, but it has so far failed to pull its weight in profit terms. But the Wilton acquisition also created a serious *liquidity* problem in Youghal. By July of this year, the cash position had deteriorated to such an extent that short and medium-term borrowing had grown to £5 million representing a 200% gearing on the equity of £2½ million. And this explains the need for the new rights issue to raise a further £1.3 million.

Brian O'Brien's growth record with Youghal is second to none on the whole Irish industrial scene. And while the current rights issue will help his liquidity position, it doesn't solve it. If the shares are to move ahead again in their pre-1968 style, the profits will need to flow in much greater volume from the new acquisitions.

Mr. Brendan C. Considine, Chairman, A.C.C.

THE AGRICULTURAL CREDIT CORPORATION LTD.

- Total Loan and Hire Purchase Business up to £28 million.
- New business transacted during the year up to £9.6 million.
- Record level of public investment at £12.5 million — an increase of 48% on 1969/70.
- Further expansion of Area Officer system and improved services for farmers.
- Reduced interest rates on Budgeted Loans and lower Hire Purchase charges.
- Loan applications increasing rapidly.

Increased & Expanded Lendings:
New business financed during 1970/71 amounted to £8.65 millions — exceeding by over one million pounds the record figure for 1969/70 and almost double the volume of business transacted only three years ago. Loans and hire purchase transactions outstanding in the Balance Sheet at £28.4 million are up by £3.5 million on last year — another record figure.
The Board's policy of giving priority to credit for productive purposes was maintained during the year. However, the maximum loan for Land Purchase was increased to £6,000 and credit facilities generally were substantially improved.
Under the Unsecured Loans Scheme for directly productive purposes the maximum loan was increased to £1,000. Farmers made increased use of the Budgeted Loan Scheme which is specifically planned for seasonal financial needs.
Hire purchase business showed a substantial increase. The repayment period for hire purchase facilities for the erection of haybarns and silos was increased to 6 years while a new scheme to finance the installation of milk cooling equipment was introduced.
Strengthening its role as the Farmers' Bank, the A.C.C. now operates a comprehensive range of productive credit facilities for farmers and their co-operative societies, ranging from seasonal loans of a few months' duration to dwellinghouse loans repayable over 36 years.

Investment:
A rise of 48% in money invested by the public in the ACC — from £8.5 million in 1969/70 to £12.5 million in 1970/71 — reflects the increasing awareness by the public of the advantages of the A.C.C.'s deposit facilities.

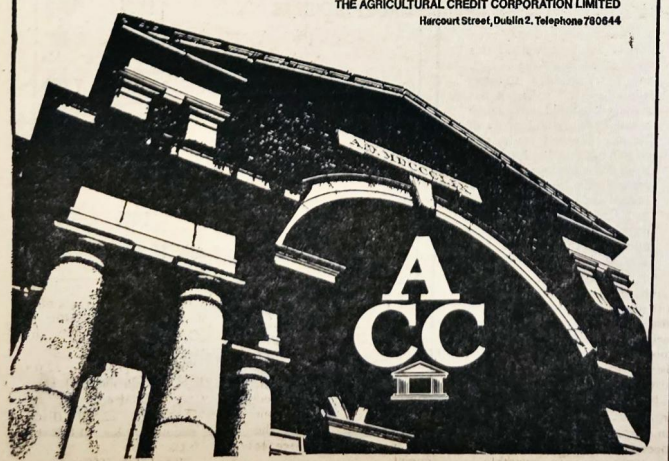
A.C.C. deposit rates (ranging up to 7½%) are highly attractive to the investor. In addition, deposits with the A.C.C. are State-guaranteed and rank as trustee securities. To help the smaller investor, the minimum sum acceptable as an initial deposit was reduced during the year from £500 to £100.
The expansion in deposits is highlighted by the fact that it was for the first time unnecessary to draw on the Exchequer for any funds during the year, nor will it be necessary to do so in the present year. This marks a significant watershed in the A.C.C.'s development.

Improved Services:
The Area Officer System was again expanded during 1970/71. Three new Area Officers were appointed and new offices were opened in Limerick and Athlone. A larger office was recently opened in Cork and work is in progress on a new premises in Waterford. There are now thirteen offices outside Dublin and the total number of Area Officers has been brought up to seventeen. This further extension of the A.C.C.'s specialised financial service to the farmer at local level has enabled the A.C.C. to cater more effectively for the rapid growth in farmers' credit requirements.

Interest Rates:
Despite rises in international and domestic interest rates, the Board's policy of charging the lowest possible rates to farmers was maintained and the higher cost of money was not passed on to customers. In recent months, interest rates have fallen somewhat and the benefit of this has been made available to the A.C.C.'s customers. The rate for the Budgeted Loan Scheme was reduced from 9½% to 8½%, while the A.C.C.'s hire purchase charges, which remain the lowest in the country, were reduced by ¼%. The special rate of 6½% continues to apply to loans made to members of Macra na Feirme; this rate applies also to farmers whose borrowings do not exceed £400.

Looking Ahead:
The A.C.C. is studying closely the implications for the Irish farming industry of membership of the E.E.C., particularly in relation to credit needs. In order to respond vigorously and successfully to the challenges and the opportunities presented by E.E.C. conditions, Irish farmers will require a considerable input of capital. Large sums will be needed to increase the scale and efficiency of production as well as to rationalise and develop the farmer-owned co-operative societies. There is already a significant escalation in agricultural credit requirements as negotiations for Ireland's entry to the E.E.C. reach their final phase. In addition, the level of demand is being further stimulated by the continuous advances in farm research and technology. Loan applications at the present time are running at approximately twice the level of last year.
The A.C.C.'s role will be of even greater importance within the Common Market and its capacity to be of service to the Irish farmer will be greatly enhanced. We will be particularly glad to help the smallholder who seeks to increase his scale of production to the level demanded by E.E.C. conditions. Indeed, we are determined that the prosperity of the Irish farmer will not be curtailed by any failure on our part to make the necessary resources available to him in this vitally important period of preparation for membership of the European Economic Community.

THE AGRICULTURAL CREDIT CORPORATION LIMITED
Harcourt Street, Dublin 2. Telephone 780644



TRIUMPH 2000, MK 2

Richard O'Hagan

IF THE TERM "well bred" is not too twee in application to machinery, the Triumph stable merits it. The marque seems to me to embody a fast-dying tradition for finish, quiet and a high degree of comfort. And, also, a longevity which seems unaffected by the slings and arrows of outrageous criticism; the Herald, for example, goes on and on despite disparaging remarks about its being a woman's transport. The 1500 and 1300 incorporate all the same intrinsic virtues and, indeed, the sole issue which leaves me somewhat chilly and unmoved is the Vitesse, a motor car for which I never greatly cared.

So it is no sweat to try anything from this company even though you know in advance that you are unlikely to find your pulse rate accelerating wildly nor will you emerge from any model to dance in the streets. What, by contrast, you will emerge with is a feeling of having been in something solid and well built and, relatively, value for money.

I have always felt that considerably more urge could be wrung from the 2000 without undue difficulty or any esoteric expertise even though it is by no means a slouch in its basic form — zero to sixty m.p.h. in 14 seconds with a top speed of around 96. But perhaps the makers are wise to leave it alone especially since the cost of extra heat might be to debase its smoothness; for this must be one of the silkiest engines in the business (an in-line six cylinder, which is to say, the optimum arrangement) and it is almost impossible to evoke even a muted cry of protest from it, hammer it as you will.

Allied to this energy is a somewhat pedestrian 4-speed gearbox — "pedestrian," that is, due to a notchiness which becomes even notchier as the car warms up; I noticed this feature in the Mark One version and it distresses me to see it still evident all these years later. I have come, reluctantly, to the conclusion that the secret of a really smooth gear change (of which there are now many in evidence) is a mystery that British Leyland, in any of its manifestations, have never really solved; a cap in hand excursion by Lord Stokes, to, say, Ford or VW or Renault might pay dividends.

But, in the case of the Mark 2, these imperfections are largely masked by the optionally - extra overdrive, which is a splendid device as fitted by Triumph and which is controlled with a switch inset in the gear-lever and thus falling readily to the thumb.

I should, perhaps, pause here to explain these two terms, "notchy" and "overdrive" in case there are those amongst us who know them not. "Notchy" is the vernacular expression for a shift that feels as if it were grating against something as you move it — that hangs on instead of sliding into the next speed — and whilst by no means a serious fault is a constant irritation simply because one has to use the gearbox continually. "Overdrive" is essentially a means of providing two extra ratios and consists of a supplementary gear train mounted behind the normal gearbox. This supplementary system is switched in and out by the driver at will and gives him a further speed between third and top and another one above top. He has thus, effectively, a six-speed gearbox, i.e. first, second, third, overdrive third, top, overdrive top, and what all this means is that if, for example, one were cruising the 2000 at a steady sixty in normal top and then switched in overdrive, the road speed would remain steady at sixty but the engine revolutions would drop from about 3,530 to 3,000. The advantages of this in petrol economy and reduced engine wear must be obvious.

The Triumph 2000 has been around for about eight years; in 1969, some styling changes were introduced, mainly in the form of stretching the body length by a few inches, thus improving the line and doing away with the intake-scuttle, on the bonnet, which was a feature of the Mark One version. I think the Mark 2 is the handsomest of the entire 2000 class; it was designed by one Michelotti, who is an Italian with some considerable facility for bending tin into pleasant shapes and I will digress here to say that there are some of the indigenous products of his own country to which he might well turn his attention. Whatever about that, the 2000 has, to me, a curiously ageless appearance and the fact that it has been around for eight years without looking in any way dated would seem to support that view.

The interior finish is really fine; thick carpeting, good comfortable seating, a surprising amount of back seat room and the whole embellished with much pleasant wood cappings. It has also as good and well-arranged an instrument layout as I have encountered and I particularly liked the cluster of warning indicators — oil pressure, charge, indicators and so on — mounted in a circular dial. I would have welcomed — and at the price feel one is entitled to expect —a rev. counter, if only to emphasise the effectiveness and saving of the overdrive. How pleasant it is, too, to find a car with a steering wheel which has an adjustment in the vertical plane; with this, and a widely-variable seat position, one can get really comfortable at the controls.

Further adjuncts to comfort are the lack of audible fuss — due to the aforementioned silky engine and good aero-dynamics — and the all-round independent suspension. This latter gives a particularly good ride; the car does get a trifle hoppity on very rough, rippled surfaces, but on normal roads it sticks on very smoothly.

It was interesting to re-note the unfailing manner in which rear-seat passengers commented on the comfort. You can, and I certainly did, fling it about quite a bit without distressing the other occupants or frightening yourself and judicious use of the overdrive helped in chalking up some quite rapid cross-country times. Over 296 miles I recorded 27 m.p.g. and less exuberant motoring would undoubtedly improve this figure considerably.

As I have said, a car that could easily cope with more urge — as is proven by the fact that they have on offer a 2.5 litre Fuel Injection version which, I am told, moves very briskly indeed and on which I may well put the bronzed hands in the very near future to see for myself.

Engine—6-cylinder, in-line, 1,998 c.c.; C/R, 9.25 1; twin-draught carbs (Stromberg); developing 90 b.h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m. and 117 ft./lbs. torque at 3,000 r.p.m.

Transmission—4-speed all-synchromesh, floor-mounted shift with overdrive or automatic transmission as optional extras.

Suspension—All-round independent; rear coil springs, semi-trailing wishbones; front McPherson struts. R & P steering. Braking, front discs/rear drums with servo assist.

Dimensions — Overall length, 15' 2"; width. 5' 5"; heighth, 4' 8"; dry weight, 23½ cwt.

Costs — Basic, £2,020 (U.K., £1,626 inc. tax). Overdrive £90 extra.

2.5 F.I., £2,530 Version) (U.K., £1,8 tax).

Road Tax, £50 p.a

This announcement appears as a matter of record only

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PERSONALLY SPEAKING

Criostoir O Floinn

LET US FIRST pay our respects to a provincial Irish clergyman who inserted the following advertisement in the *Teachers* column of the *Irish Press* on Saturday, August 4th, 1971 (later we may inquire why it is that Protestant schools and Bishops advertise jobs and dates and Church Services exclusively in *The Irish Times)*: "Principal required 1st October for 4-teacher girls' N.S. in Graiguecullen (Carlow Urban area). Singing and ability to train church choir essential. Apply (in writing only), stating qualifications, experience, references, reports, etc., to Rev. Manager, Parochial House, Graiguecullen, Carlow."

I ask the Rev. Manager, Graiguecullen, by what right or authority he stipulates the ability to train the church choir (and, I suppose, the conducting of same on Sundays and holy-days, as well as playing the harmonium or tin whisle at Services?) as an *essential qualification* in a teacher who already holds the required professional qualifications, and who is paid by the Department of Education to teach, from Monday to Friday, the subjects—and God knows they are many—prescribed in the Department's curriculum? What is the I.N.T.O. doing about this medieval enslaving of teachers? And what does the Bishop of that diocese think of this unpaid labour system in the service of the Church—or perhaps *he* has a private devotion to Saint Cecilia, the tuneful lady who is the patron saint of church music, and considers that the teacher should be happy to lay up treasure in Heaven by slaving for nothing every week-end?

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RECENT RUMBLINGS and crackles from the North-East of this island, and the sight of thousands of terrified Irish women and children fleeing South from their burning homes in that corner of our country, have caused many amateur philosophers to consider the basic reasons why the citizens of a State should endure the continuous communal expense of maintaining in martial readiness a large group of highly-trained and well-equipped men, usually known as an Army. Even if I were myself a philosopher, I dare not answer this question. The Forcible Entry Bill will make it an offence against Fianna Fáil (the Party in power) to *incite* or encourage others to *forcible entry*. It's all very fine for spinster socialists to pop in and out of our centrally-heated and well-appointed modern jails, but my first social duty is to the wife and kids, whom I could not possibly feed by sewing mailbags. So, I hereby proclaim that my musing on martial affairs is mere woolgathering. If this category is not in the files of the zealous snoopers of the Special Branch, might I suggest *Career Guidance—Military?*

Inspired by the dictum of Napoleon ("Every man carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack") and by the recent fulfilling example of the private-to-general career of the late **Major-General Delaney**, many young men of eighteen, with Pass Matriculation in three subjects, minimum height 66 inches, vision not less than 6/36 both eyes, corrected to 6/6 in one eye, and 6/12 in the other (Murphy, take your fist out of your eye!), eleven over eleven natural teeth functionally opposed, and an uncle on the County Council, may feel themselves qualified to take up a military career in the *real* Fianna Fáil—a career in the pseudo-lot is open, according to Dr. Johnson, to any scoundrel seeking a last refuge.

For the enlightenment of such neophyte Spartans, it must be noted that the recruiting blather dished out by professional publicity firms on contract to the Department of Defence (defence of Twenty-Six Counties only) leaves a lot to be learned, later, *after* you have sworn to defend the Constitution with your Bible and your Sword, just like Cromwell. How are you, for instance, at catering for large numbers of refugees in a hurry—making beds without bedclothes, cooking without grub, phoning the Archbishop to know if he could for God's sake get the cosy nuns to open up their luxurious residential colleges and let the Belfast fleas spatter blood on the virginal sheets of the Republic's daughters of the middle class? What is your experience in keeping Turkish and Greek Cypriots so happy learning Irish and hurling that they forget, temporarily, their traditional pastime of disembowelling one another? What results, in millions, does Bord Fáilte Eireann's magic computer fortell from the training of six Zambian cadets per course at the Curragh? What is the overall cost of maintaining our Air Force of three jets so that they can fly over O'Connell Street once every Easter Sunday, so making the natives raise their eyes heavenwards away from the politicians on the platform of honour? Now, matriculated sonny, you are beginning to realise the value of that uncle in the County Council (so, don't forget the ould shagger's birthday),

Your common private's chances of a commission are, if truth be told, about as slim as a blade of grass on the wide plains of the Curragh (though, if it's a useful trade you want to learn, the Army is better than any Vocational School). Let us suppose you, a common Irish boy, left school after the statutory course (at age fourteen, says any cross-me-heart Minister in the Dáil; at anything from twelve on, says any teacher or powerless School Attendance Officer). A military career is open to you, of course—in the *rank-and-vile*. Your only hope of moving up to the *other* mess is to display four legs and a tail, and a facility for clearing seven-foot stone walls and sundry other obstacles. After our disgraceful showing in the *Aggie Can* this year—while Belfast and Derry came to blood-boiling point yet again, there was poor Jack standing idly by *twice* for God-Save-Our-Gracious-Queen, and making a hames of sticking rosettes behind horses' ears—they won't even ask you your sex. You can be a hermaphrodite or a tinker's mixings from Spancel Hill, an instant commission and the martial glory of Ballsbridge await you, given you're a natural lepper; perks include luxurious world-wide travel at the taxpayer's expense and the *entrée* to the Anglo-Irish horsey society of James Connolly's Irish Workers' Republic, where you may exchange pleasantries with the **Jobling-Pursers** and the **Connolly-Carews** (not to mention the young Haugheys), and—remember Marshal Neigh—there's nothing to stop you from there on. You might even end up on grass in the Park,

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THE FORCIBLE ENTRY BILL, having been processed through the democratic machinery of our Dáil, is soon to be law. No, dear, it's not designed to curb rape among the Peasantry, it's to protect our homes while we're away enjoying the guaranteed cheap sunshine in Majorca. It seems there are some hippies, led by a Miss Mahreen de Boorkah (sounds foreign, subervise, the usual), active in Dublin encouraging and inciting layabouts—such as are too feckless to build decent homes for themselves and their offspring—to break into and live in residences which are seen to have no residents. A cell in Mountjoy, that's the proper place for *them*. That's where they've been put, my dear. Proper order, too, proper law and order. God bless the Minister for . . . for what, dear? Justice, is it? He's a **Mister O'Malley**, from Limerick. Oh, but isn't he that impetuous man who ruined Mother Annunciata's school by throwing it open to the common lot from the Corporation Estate? No, dear, *that* O'Malley has gone to his reward; this one is called Dessie—actually he's the man who earned some notoriety recently as the grateful recipient of a fifty-pound cheque, which the donor thought was a guarantee of appointment to the lucrative office of sub-postmaster in the urban area of Limerick, but which the Minister unwittingly pocketed as a contribution to the Party Funds. Dessie is a worthy nephew of the hasty Dunuk. Unfortunately, he seems to be in for some unpleasantness in his home town by the peaceful Shannon. It says here on the paper that when the Labour deputies walked out of the Dáil—really, dear, can you imagine dear Conor playing follow-the-leader with that pike-faced **Mr. Corish** from Wexford!—in protest, they said, against the passing of the Bill, a man named **Steve Coughlan** shook his fist at the earnest Minister and called him a young . . . (that's what it says, dear) and swore he would *get him yet*. So, Mister O'Malley will have to think up a new Bill quickly, to keep Deputies from *getting one another yet*. Just so, dear, just . . . so . . .

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IT WAS MARY KENNY (that Betsy Grey of Burgh Quay who led the Enterprise raid on the chemist shops of Belfast to liberate us all from Old Mother Church?), who said in one of her pieces that a friend of hers (she had so many friends, had Mary, only like Marie Antoinette, when she looked around her under the guillotine, not a one to be seen or heard) who, during a conducted tour of the him of **Mr. C. J. Haughey,** erstwhile Minister of Finance in the Government of **Jack Lynch**, had been fortunate enough to "get a peep into the master bedroom," reported that Charlie's beside book was none other than *Arkle: Wonder Horse.* I am told by a certain window-cleaner, however, that when the breeze disturbs the horsey dust-jacket, the revealed title, in plain gold letters is *The Prince.* The window-cleaner, squinting at an angle of forty-five degrees from the top of a twenty-two foot ladder, thinks the author's name is **Micky Kelly.**

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"SEE A BLIND MAN LED IN. Another victory for the all-conquering British Army. . . . their biggest win since Waterloo." Thus **Seamus O Tuathail** in his dramatic account of his arrest, internment and torture, smuggled out from the Orange Order's Siberia in Crumlin Road to the Free World (*The Irish Times* described the author as a *freelance* journalist). After four days of brutal treatment, this blind man, **Peter Ferron**, was released (courtesy of Her Gracious Majesty) and followed his wife and five children to Dublin, where they had been given refuge by a family who had known them in Belfast. In a tiny three-roomed house, in Dublin's fair city, eleven people were now sleeping in one room.

During the savage interrogation of Mr. Ferron by the British Military Police, one of the more peculiar questions asked was, "Do you know the **Dubliners?**" He *did, well.* And it was **Luke Kelly** of the Dubliners who came to the relief of that bulging but hospitable little house off Meath street. Luke and his wife, **Deirdre O'Connell** of the **Focus Theatre**, having just purchased a roomy red-brick house in one of the city's old residential areas, offered accommodation to the Ferron family.

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